THE ANTI-GALLICAN.

NUMBER XII.

ODE TO FREEDOM.

NURSE of heroes, FREEDOM, hear;
Hear thy suppliant's fervent prayer;
Seize, oh! seize, th' avenging spear,
And all thy martial pomp prepare:
Come array'd in helmed pride,
Come with Vengeance by thy side;
Rear thy fate-fraught arm on high,
Dart the light'ning of thine eye:
Haste, Freedom, haste—and quit the tranquil scene,
Where join'd with Labour, thou dost love to dwell:
No longer loiter on the wood-fring'd green—
'Tis time to strike thy foes—to break the spell—
Which hell prepar'd, and dipt in Stygian flood,
Has delug'd Europe in a sea of blood.

Goddess, raise thine eye, and see
What horrid scenes prevail around;
Hark! how pale-fac'd Misery
Mourns her fate in plaintive sound:
Mark what piteous groupes appear,
Bound in chains, and pale with fear;
Mark their shrieks, their piercing cries,
Their looks deprest, their deep-drawn sighs;
Young orphans, widows, virgins craz'd, bewail,
And raise their clasped hands to heav'n in pray'r;
Their grief-bent forms relate their dismal tale,
And say—behold the children of Despair:
Now see where Tyranny ascends her throne,
All stain'd with blood—and mocks them as they groan.

In thund'ring voice she gives the word—
"Soldiers," the monster cries, "away"—
No sooner is the mandate heard,
Than out they rush to seize their prey;
With rav'nous speed the legions haste,
And lay the groaning nations waste;
On, on, they hold their vengeful course,
Nor staid by pity nor remorse.
The swain beholds the produce of his toil,
His wife, his children, all which gave delight;
Behold them all the dread invader's spoil,
And will not deign to shun their fate by flight:
He stays—they strike the blow—and as he dies,
He hears his ravish'd daughter's anguish'd cries.

Switzerland—once happy spot,
Where peace and joy did once reside;
How alter'd now thy hapless lot!
How chang'd thy noble free-born prid
No more the voice of joy prevails
Amid thy rocks and shadowy dales;
No more thy peasants dance the round,
Cheer'd by merry Music's sound;
Gay smiles are seen no more—but, wrapt in gloom,
Each youth in silence mourns thy hapless doom:
And as he blushing eyes the honour'd graves,
Where, safe from all their country's woes,
His patriot ancestors repose,
He cries—"I love—yet dare I now,
"The passion of my soul avow?—
Ah! no—I will not be the Sire of slaves;
Till I am free—let vengeance be my cry—
If free I cannot be—'tis time to die."

Holland, whose bold and hardy race
Had fenced out the raging sea;
Behold her foul and sad disgrace;
Behold her bound in slavery;
Down the massy bulwarks strike—
Quick, destroy the lofty dyke;
And where rich lands are seen—once more
Let Ocean's whelming waters roar;
Or rather thou their drooping souls inspire,
And fill their breasts with thine avenging fire,
Nor there alone in base subjection pine;
Low—low are laid the nations of the Rhine;

Poor

Poor Spain and Italy have felt the stroke,
And bow'd their heads beneath the galling yoke.
Say how were all these nations won?
How was Europe thus o'er-run?
Freedom, to effect their shame,
Tyranny assum'd thy name;
The masked fiend exclaim'd "I come to bless—
To fix your rights, and give you happiness."
'Twas thus deceiv'd by words the nations fell,
And found too late the promis'd heav'n a hell.

And now the monster, conquest-proud,
And jealous of our rival pow'r;
Would hither lead his hireling crowd,
To murder, ravage, and devour:
Let him come—nor force nor wile
Can e'er subdue thy fav'rite isle;
Let him come—still led by thee,
We haste to certain victory:
We shouting haste—and, form'd in martial line,
The dread avengers of the world we stand;
Whilst children, virgins, wives, surround thy shrine,
And call down blessings on their native land.
Yes, yes, their patriot pray'r is heard,
Their pray'r to heav'n and thee preferr'd—
Now the rival hosts engage,
Far resounds the battle's rage;
And now the work of death is done,
Hark! Britons shout—the day is won.
The day is won—War's murd'rous horrors cease,
And Freedom's sons resume the works of peace.

The impressive style, the importance of the subject, and the Right Reverend Author's desire that its contents should be generally promulgated, induce the Editors of the Anti-gallican, to give to their readers the following Extracts from the Lord Bishop of Llandaff's Intended Speech to the House of Lords on the opening of the present Session.

My Lords,

IN obedience to his Majesty's commands, and in compliance with my own sense of public duty, I this day appear in my place in the noblest assembly upon earth, convened by the most gracious Monarch that ever sat upon a throne, and required to deliberate upon the most important subjects that ever occupied your Lordships' attention, or that of any of your predecessors in this house.

I, my Lords, could have been well contented to spend the little remainder of my life in retirement, and buried in obscurity; indifferent, alike, to the calls of professional emolument, and professional ambition: but I cannot be contented to remain indifferent to the summons of my Sovereign, in a time of distress? deaf to the calls of my country,

when its existence is endangered.—Endangered we all know it to be: but where is the dastardly soul (none such I am confident, is to be met with amongst your Lordships; none such, I hope, is to be met with amongst any of those in whose hearing I now speak) —where is the dastardly soul, who accompanies his prospect of danger, with a feeling of despair?

Without laying claim to any extraordinary degree of courage, any man, of an advanced age, who has well contemplated the short and slippery course of this world's concerns, may acquire such a firmness of mind, as will enable him to sustain with stoical fortitude all the vicissitudes of fortune, which may await him; or, (to speak in language more appropriate, I am sensible, to your Lordships' principles, more consonant to your feelings, as well as to my own,) to acquiesce, with Christian resignation, in every dispensation of God. What cause can such a man ever have for terror and despair? On such a man (I here see many such)—*Manca ruit semper fortuna.*—The worst that can happen to any individual amongst us is Death; and he who fears to die in the just defence of his country, does not deserve to live in it. I put the matter at the very worst, and that worst is nothing: good men do not dread it, brave men do not shun it, wise men hourly think of it; it terrifies none but bad men and cowards. What ground then for our despair? our cause is good, our conscience on this point is clear—we are not fighting to plunder other men's property, but to protect our own —we are not fighting to subvert the Liberty of other nations, but to prevent the yoke of slavery from being fastened on our necks and on those of our posterity—we are not fighting in contempt of national character, in despite of the civil order of the world, in derision of Religion, in mockery of Heaven—No! we are fighting to preserve this happy land from Atheism, from Despotism, or Anarchy, from that moral contamination of principle and practice, which outrages the very nature of human kind.

But why speak of the worst, when there is little probability of the worst happening? To some, indeed, it must happen; some gallant men must fall in the noble conflict; but that the nation will be subdued is not to me a probable event. The events of war, we acknowledge it with humility, and we have abundant reason to acknowledge it with gratitude and piety, are in the hands of God.—Our duty is to trust the issue of the contest to him, as if we were not concerned in bringing it about—but it is our duty also to exert our own energy, as if every thing depended on ourselves. And are we not doing this, in a manner and to an extent unheard of in former times, in our own Country, and unprecedented in the most illustrious nations of antiquity?

We read of a law in *Sparta* which made it death for a man to refuse hazarding his life in the defence of his Country.—We have no such law; but we have something a thousand times better than such a law—we have a British spirit.—That spirit is now roused, it pervades the whole country, it animates the nobility, gentry, yeomanry, all orders and descriptions of men, to do that voluntarily, which even *Spartans* were compelled to do by the fear of Punishment. Every city, town, and village, from the Land's End to the Orkney islands, pours forth its voluntary legions, in defence of their Country and of their King.

Glorious and unexampled on the surface of the earth is his Majesty's situation!—

situation!—Other princes there are who reign over more extensive regions—other Princes there are who support their thrones, in times of peace, by more numerous armies; and exercise over their subjects a more unlimited sway.—But where is the Prince, in Europe, or in the world, who, in the day of danger, sees himself protected as his Majesty is, by the united efforts of all his people—by the persons of those who are able to wield a weapon;—by the prayers of the aged and of the Sex;—by the purses of the rich;—and by the hearts of all?—Surely all this is well—it does honour to the King, it does equal honour to the people. They know for whom and for what they expose their lives—they know that they are not miserable *Conscripts*, driven in chains to be sacrificed on the altar of an ambitious leader, whom they detest; but loyal subjects, voluntarily encountering danger for a legal and beloved monarch; and not for him only, but for themselves; for the preservation of that limited monarchy, which is the primary source of all the blessings they enjoy, as members of civil society.

Is any one ignorant of these blessings? does any one think that he has nothing to fight for, that his condition is so mean and uncomfortable that, let what will happen, it cannot become worse under any constitution which may take place? Mistaken man! go and see if thou canst find in France---a trial by jury---an *Habeas Corpus* act---an incorrupt administration of justice---an equality of law---a security of life and property---a parochial maintenance for thy orphans and thy widow---and for thyself, when age or accident shall have unnerved the arm of industry? Blessings these! which the meanest Englishman so liberally enjoys, that he is apt to overlook them; which the greatest Frenchmen so eagerly desire, that they will ere long with swords in their hands demand them. The soldiery of France, of Holland, Switzerland, Italy, glutted at length with slaughter, satiated at length with plunder, will, ere long, begin to be ashamed, officers and men, of the part they have acted in this revolutionary tragedy of the world; they will at length make an atonement for the mischief they have done, and snap, at once, the despotic chains, which in a fit of faction, passion, and insanity, they have contributed to impose on their respective countries.

But be this as it may,—for there is little certainty in any political prediction, and least of all in mine,—permit me to congratulate your Lordship's and the nation on that military ardour which is every where excited. It is every where excited to such a pitch, that were our Generals commissioned to say to their troops, as the Jewish officers were obliged, by the law of Moses, to say to their soldiers before they engaged in battle—"What man is there that is fearful and fainthearted, let him go and retire unto his house"—Not one in an hundred, I think, would retire from their ranks.

It has been said of *Carthage*—that all her citizens were merchants, mindful of nothing but of the acquisition of wealth:—and it has been said of *Rome*—that all her citizens were soldiers, mindful of nothing but of the acquisition of Military Glory.—The issue of our present struggle will, I trust, teach all future Historians to say of Britain, that she united characters hitherto esteemed discordant, and incompatible, and combined for her defence the strength of Carthage and of Rome—

Rome—that her soldiers were merchants and her merchants were soldiers. Had Carthage been, after the second Punic war, what Great Britain now is, the exclamation of *Cato* (which our *modern Catos*, forsooth, have so vociferously adopted) the—*delenda est Carthago*—would have been considered by the Roman Senate as an impudent gasconade, unworthy of its attention.

Let our enemies mark the difference between Great Britain and Carthage, to say nothing of that between Rome and France. We are not defended, as Carthage was, by mercenaries, seldom faithful, always uninterested in the event of war, and sparing of their blood.—We are not supported, as she was, by tributary states, impatient of our yoke, and watching for an opportunity to throw it off.—We are not assisted, as she was, by allies, envious of our prosperity, and secretly hoping to benefit themselves by our downfall—better none than such allies!—No! we have no mercenary forces, no tributary states, no alliances! but we have more than an equivalent for them all.—A free constitution—the work of ages! the wonder of the world! the wish of surrounding states! the *palladium* which our ancestors have committed to our custody; which, whilst we possess it, will render us invincible, and which, whilst we have life, we have to a man determined to defend.

Europe, already subdued by her fears, or dishonoured by her hopes, or maddened by resentment for, perhaps, some real, for many fancied, insults on the ocean—on any supposition, Europe now stands aloof, leaves us to ourselves, deserted at our utmost need—So was *Corsica* left; so was *Poland* left; and so, if we are conquered, will every European state be left, in its turn, till the gigantic military despotism of one nation shall overspread the globe.

This idea is so forcibly impressed on my mind, that, were I this day standing in the midst of all the cabinets of Europe, I would not scruple to exclaim—Infatuated are your Councils! You are all jealous of each other, all envious of us, all occupied in paltry considerations of your own particular interests, unmindful of the general safety, blind to the subtle progress of a mighty power, equal already to the strongest of you, daily increasing in strength, and, for a century past, determined to annihilate you all.—

What a Frenchman said of the Romans is so peculiarly characteristic of his countrymen at this time, that I cannot forbear applying it. "Enemies to the liberty of all nations; having the utmost contempt for Kings and Monarchy, they grasped with insatiable ambition the conquest of the world, they seized indiscriminately all provinces and kingdoms, and extended their empire over all nations."

But enough of these tragical forebodings with respect to the mischief impending over other nations:—I beg your Lordship's patience whilst I shortly mention some of the means which, in addition to our present exertions, may help to avert the catastrophe from ourselves.

In the first place then, my Lords, I am of opinion, that the first class of the people, adopting the division prescribed by a late Act of Parliament, should be called out and taught the use of arms, not merely as a temporary expedient to answer the present exigency, but annually continued as a permanent measure of the Executive Government. Unwise and defective is that policy, which is occupied in devising remedies for the present evils, without

out extending its views to prevent the recurrence of danger. I readily join in the general praise so justly given to Volunteers; but this commercial nation ought so far to become a military nation, as always to have within itself a sufficiency of men ready disciplined for its defence. This may be completely effected for the present occasion in a short time: and when the pressure of the present occasion is removed, it may be established as a permanent measure in the course of six years, without giving any sensible interruption to our agriculture, our manufactures, or our commerce.

The population of the country would annually supply, at least, fifty thousand youths, who in the preceding twelve months had attained the seventeenth year of their age; in six years we should have three hundred thousand young men sufficiently instructed in the use of arms. In the seventh year, fifty thousand of them might be dismissed, as *emeriti*, from further attendance on military duty, except when the country was invaded. Thus by a slight service of a few days annually for six years, the whole nation (for no substitutes should in this arrangement be allowed) would at length become a nation, not of warriors, but of peaceful citizens, of all occupations and denominations, ready to become warriors, whenever the safety of their country should require the exertion of their skill and courage. Neither France alone, nor France with all Europe in her vassalage, would venture to set a foot on this island thus prepared to receive them:—Great Britain, single handed, would defy the world.

I own I prefer this Militia Rotation, if I may so call it, which I have submitted to your Lordships' consideration, not only to the Volunteering System, but to every other mode of *extraordinary* defence. It would not supersede the Standing Army, it would be subsidiary to it, and might greatly assist in recruiting the ranks of the regular forces, and perhaps in diminishing their number. Some men are apt to speak of every species of Militia Force with contempt; this has been always the case. *Lord Clarendon* in one part of his History speaks in a most disparaging style of the London Trained-bands: but he is forced to do them justice in another, where he informs us, that they courageously resisted with their pikes the cavalry of Prince *Rupert*, though led on by himself, and thereby saved the army at the battle of *Newbury*. It was by a force of this kind that the Romans first conquered Italy, and then the world. And, in our time, a force of this kind captured a most gallant army at *Saratoga*, and thereby acquired independence for *America*.

I forbear, my Lords, entering into any detail on this subject; the very mention of which may appear to some to be a going beyond my province. But the—*ne sutor ultra crepidam*—the, *tractent fabrilia fabri*—the, let Bishops mind their Bibles—these, and sarcasms such as these, from whatever mouth they may proceed, affect not me; nor ought they to affect any honest man, who is desirous to serve his country by his advice.—The advice may be worth nothing, but your Lordship's candour will, I am persuaded, suffer the rectitude of the Speaker's intention to sanctify the imbecility of his judgment.

With respect to Ireland, I declared my opinion of its situation when the Union was debated in this House. I said then, and I have seen no reason since to change my opinion, that the Union would be more advantageous to

Ireland

Ireland than it would be to Great Britain, and that it would be eminently useful to them both. And notwithstanding the treasonable combinations which exist in Ireland, I believe this to be the opinion of a great majority of the Irish people: and that France will be exceedingly disappointed in her expectations of a general rising of the Catholics in her favour, should She land any forces in that country.

One of the most able and active instigators of rebellion amongst them, declared, at a time when men are most disposed to disguise nothing, that he deprecated all connexion with France, and I give full credit to his declaration. Whatever might have been the designs of him and others, when they first united for the pupose of Rebellion, they could not be ignorant of, or insensible to what had happened to Holland, Switzerland, Italy, — to every country which had received the fraternal embrace of France—they could not but know, that it chilled, like the embrace of death, those whom it touched; that it stiffened with horror and suspicion all the mild charities, and paralysed all the noble energies of social life. What was it then that moved these unhappy men to undertake so wicked and so dangerous an enterprize? Was it a mistaken sense of honour (to speak of it in the gentlest terms)? Did they wish to render themselves illustrious, by rendering their country independent, and unconnected with us or any other nation? Wild Ambition! Idle Expectation! Improvident Policy! which aimed at an object not attainable, in the present state of Europe, and disadvantageous to Ireland, if attained. Did they unite to redress the grievances under which they imagined their country laboured? They ought to have remembered, that Ireland has been treated with more indulgence (I do not say with more than She deserved) but with more indulgence during the present reign, than during any other equal period of time since her connexion with Great Britain; and they ought particularly to have considered that the Union was intended (and its intention will, I do not doubt, be finally accomplished) to remove every shadow of grievance which remained.

My Lords, churchmen and dissenters of every denomination, are equally zealous in the common cause—they seem to me to emulate the patriotism of the Patricians and Plebeians at Rome; who, for five hundred years, waged an eternal war of words about their respective rights, claims, oppressions, privileges,—but when their country was in danger, when an enemy invaded their territory, they laid aside their disputes; their only contention then was which of them could show the greates courage in repulsing the enemy of them both.

I have spoken with confidence, but not, I hope, with arrogance—with confidence, because my mind was made up; without arrogance, because I am extremely sensible, that the fallibility of judgement which belongs, in some degree to most men, belongs in a great degree, to myself. I am ashamed, my Lords, to speak of the personal service of a man in his 67th year; he could render none to his country. Yet if the last extremity should arrive, we must all of us do what we can. All professional immunities must give way to public necessity; all exemptions from military duty must cease.—They ceased in Corsica, when, at the call of their country, five hundred priests took up arms to resist Gallic oppression—They ceased in ancient Rome, whenever the Romans were threatened,

threatened, as we are now, with a gallic invasion; and they must cease with us, before we cease to be an independent people.

Speaking of Queen Elizabeth, his Lordship proceeds:—What would this Princess have said, had she witnessed that colossal aggrandizement of France, which it is our misfortune to behold? She would have called upon all the powers of Europe to unite in reducing it; and, had she found the powers of Europe as deaf to her exhortations as they are to ours, she would have done, what a monarch, as beloved as herself, (and none was ever more beloved,) is now doing—She would have called out her own people, and relied, under God, on their loyalty and bravery for success.

Some of your Lordships are old enough to remember the time, when, in the latter part of the reign of George II. immense preparations were made by France at Toulon, at Brest, and in every other port of that kingdom, for the invasion of this. The alarm of the nation was extreme; Government was panic struck; the militia was called out, and German auxiliaries were brought into the country to defend it. I shall never forget the phrenzy of joy which seized the whole nation, when news was brought, that *Boscawen* had destroyed the Toulon fleet; and when news was brought, three months afterwards, that *Hawke* had destroyed the Brest fleet.

Without disturbing the ashes of the dead, without distressing the modesty of the living, by comparisons, may I not be allowed to state my firm expectation, that the commanders of the fleets which now watch the motions of the enemy at Toulon, at Brest, and in every other part of the world where they are to be found, will on no distant day, afford their country equal causes for similar triumph and exultation? There is not an Admiral, an officer, a sailor, in the British navy, who does not burn with impatience to have an opportunity of attacking the enemy: who is not ready to exclaim with Macduff,

> Within my sword's length set him, if he 'scape
> Then Heav'n forgive him too.

The navy will think itself unfortunate, if not dishonoured, should the safety of the country be left to the protection of the army alone. The army, though it unites with the whole nation in a just estimate of the skill and courage of the navy, is eager to gather unfading laurels, from finishing what the navy may, by some unlucky chance, be obliged to leave undone.

The preparations of France may, for ought I know, my Lords, be greater now than they were in 1759; but I am certain of this, that there never was a time, in the history of Great Britain, when our preparations were so extensive, when the nation was so united within itself, its spirit so high, its sense of danger so strong, its indignation so roused, its detestation of French principles, French cruelties, French rapacity, French ambition, so general and sincere as at this moment.

We have not, it must be confessed, and I am proud to confess it, a few thousands of Hessians and Hanoverians to defend us—but we have a whole nation of loyal and brave subjects in arms. It is not in my power to animate the country, nor do I speak so warmly of our preparations, with any view to attempt it; as a plain man I plainly speak my mind. I know that the whole country, from the throne to the cottage, is animated with the noblest ardour; and I know too, that if there is

a man in the empire whom the occasion does not animate, in vain will you attempt, by the most ardent words, to warm the frigid cowardice or disaffection of such a man's heart.

The occasion is extraordinary; and we meet it, as we ought to do, with extraordinary resolution and exertion. A successful invasion, had it ever been accomplished during the monarchy of France, would have been terminated by, perhaps, a disadvantageous peace; but we should have retained our rank in the scale of nations. A successful invasion by the republic of France (heaven avert so great an evil!) will never be terminated but in complete national degradation, in public bankruptcy, and individual beggary. This limited monarchy, the glory of civilized society! will be overthrown—our aged monarch (God protect him!) and his numerous sons, will be buried, such is the acknowledged bravery of his race! in the last ruins of their native land.—Your rank, my Lords, by which, for the benefit of all, you are now distinguished from the rest, will be heard of no more.—The landed gentry will be obliged to become farmers, and be compelled, by unheard of, unthought of, Exactions, to give up the lamented produce of their own lands and of their own labour, to feed the luxury of a foreign country.—The farmers will be made labourers, and the labourers will be made slaves—And, in addition to all these calamities, the youth of every class will be made *conscripts*—and dragged from their country and their fathers' house, to fight the battles of violent and unjust ambition in every part of the world.—Sooner than all this should happen, I would say (did christianity permit such a wish) may the fate of the *Saguntines* become the fate of *Britons!*

Such, my Lords, would be the final event of a successful invasion of this country by the republic of France. I have in some degree described it, but I do not in any degree expect it; I expect the direct contrary. My hope and my firm expectation is, that, instead of success, the enemy will experience defeat; instead of triumph, disgrace and ruin—that under the good providence of God, the arms of Great Britain will not only preserve our own independence, but be instrumental in exciting the spirit of other nations to recover theirs, and eventually contribute to the establishing the true liberty, and promoting the true prosperity, of France itself—but on this subject I forbear.

EXTRACTS

From the Pamphlet entitled the COUNTRY IN ARMS; *or, no* DANGER *from* INVASION.

Coward is alone fear death—men of honour will always be found at the post of danger; and then a nation in arms becomes invincible.

THE immediate consideration upon the subject of invasion is not the number of chances there are, for and against a landing of the enemy in sufficient force to endanger the safety of the country, since there is no doubt of its being twenty to one against it; and for the sake of argument, we should have no hesitation in allowing that there was a million to one; but we ought to admit, or at least to act as if, they would invade us, with one hundred or one hundred and fifty thousand veteran troops.—This is the point to which we must look with steadiness and resolution: for it is better

better to take apparently superfluous precaution, than leave that to accident, against which reason may prepare to act; and which at such a momentous crisis, after the revolutionary madness has shaken the foundation of civilized Europe, would be a folly disgraceful even to inexperience;—and these are not times when one ought to treat with ceremony the prattle of theorists; —no, we must look to the worst of events which it is possible for the enemy to prepare for us:—we must prepare ourselves to act as becomes a free and independent nation, which has sufficient of physical strength, if called into action and properly directed, to repel the efforts of the barbarous and civilized world united;—and it would be equally reprehensible in the meanest or most exalted individual, to waver between the alternative of risking in any extent of chance in our favour, the possibility of becoming an enslaved people.

Rather let us bestir ourselves like the lion crouching in his lair, prepared to dart upon the enemy, and with courage peculiar to BRITONS, chastize him for his audacity. Let us shew to the universe, that BRITAIN is at once the NURSERY of the ARTS, the SCHOOL of SCIENCE and PHILOSOPHY, and the FIRM PROTECTRESS of FREEDOM and the CAUSE of HUMANITY, giving a vivifying colouring to social and intellectual harmony. In this sea-girt region, where the elements are softened by the bland touches of nature, it seems that destiny has irrevocably fixed the EMPIRE of FREEDOM, leaving its defence to the wisdom and courage of *British Heroes*; and while approximate and remote nations are contemplating the collossal strides of an ambitious chief, let it be recollected, that if by any chance his army should elude the vigilance of our brave officers and men of the navy, and which nothing but the event of a continued calm could enable him to do, who are upon the ocean what the Romans were by land, in æras illustrious of their greatness, invincible and incorruptible; there is the same spirit and and game-like resolution stimulating every description of Englishmen, and, if brought into action, would perform the same heroic part.

Fighting, we are aware, is a business that few persons prefer to pacific pursuits, or ease and retirement; but if the battle must be fought; or, rather than endure years of public inquietude, and the enemy may render their undertaking more formidable, by taking time for preparation, and kept upon the alert from an apprehension of invasion, it certainly would be preferable to prepare ourselves for the event, and court the issue, while our foe calculates upon the ruin of our funding system, by his procrastination, which he ignorantly supposes would prove the ruin of our national prosperity—at all events, this spirit properly and unequivocally manifested, Madness itself would be appalled at the undertaking; and which we have no doubt, would prove the effectual means of lowering the ambitious tone of the First Consul, and thus afford the Continent an opportunity of recovering its due equipoise.

To know that the leader of our enemy is the avowed advocate of military despotism, ought to be sufficicient to rouse us into action; for if he is permitted to fix the lever of his ambition, he would then quietly move the machines of his tyranny, in the destruction of all that is sublime and beautiful in the arrangement of social

and commercial intercourse between men and nations; and knowing that he is our determined enemy, we cannot be too solicitous of guarding national independence, and providing security for the present and future blessings which we enjoy pre-eminently over all surrounding nations—and which is not more owing to the acquirement of exertion, than it is to the fortunate situation which we inhabit upon the face of the globe. These blessings which have been the atchievement of ages, the happy propitiation of physical, moral, and political causes, appear to be the grand desideratum of the human race.

We judge not by comparison, for there is a paramount distinction:—We feel that we are happy, and we have abundant reason to suppose that the inhabitants of other parts of the European world, live in a state of uncertainty and comparative wretchedness; and which is sufficient to inspire every British bosom with increasing love for his HOME, his KING, and his COUNTRY; and glowing with enthusiasm, what privation is he not desirous of imposing upon himself, which is essential to the object of preserving a good so supreme? And fired with that enthusiasm, which has proved the ultimate salvation of all independent states;—that enthusiasm which consolidated the freedom of the British Empire; and which alone can preserve it from the fangs of a desperate and enterprising foe.—This is the object for which we have to fight. Where is the man who is insensible enough not to feel an arduous disposition hurrying him to preparation? Where is the dastard that, at such a crisis, would prefer indulgence and dishonour, to crowns of glory and permament security for the future?

When Philip of Macedon threatened the Athenian people with destruction, the admonitions of Demosthenes were given in vain—the eloquence of that sublime orator was in vain exerted to rouse them from their fatal security—in vain did he tell his countrymen that "*If each of you renouncing all evasions will be ready to approve himself an useful citizen, to the utmost that his station and abilities will demand—if the rich will be ready to contribute, and the young to take the field—in one word, if you will be yourselves, and banish those vain hopes which every single person entertains, that while so many others are engaged in business, his services will not be required, you will then recall those opportunities your supineness hath neglected, and chastise the insolence of this man.*" But the people of Athens were dead to all the calls of honour, patriotism, and independence; their apathy was incorrigible, and Demonsthenes, wearied with re-iterating his arguments, breathed in strains of the most captivating eloquence, told them in full senate, that "*The candidates for office and employment, go about soliciting your voices the slaves of popular favour. To gain the rank of general, is each man's great concern, not to fill his station with* TRUE MAN-LIKE INTREPIDITY—*courage if he possesses it, he deems unnecessary:—for thus he reasons: He has the honour and renown of this city to support him; he finds himself free from oppression and controul; he needs but to amuse you with fair hopes; and thus he gains a kind of inheritance in your emoluments.*" Do not let our hopes of peace, or too much reliance upon our navy, produce a fatal security. Let it not be said, that men in power only look for emolument—

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let not our arming be converted into a commission brokerage—or favoritism controul the liberal plan of giving preference to merit; extraordinary times discover latent capacity—give it a chance of being unfolded. Draw into action all your energy; and it will prove the æra truly illustrious of British glory. Look round the globe, and you will perceive invidious governments anxious to circumscribe our power and influence; that power, and that influence, which alone has so materially contributed to the convenience, and given embellishment to three-fourths of the nations on the face of the earth.—Let every Briton be found at his post.—Let the idea of the illustrious Lord Chatham be realized.—Let the aggregate inhabitants of the united kingdom be trained to the use of arms*. This measure properly conceived, and carried into effect, we might carry on an offensive war with every prospect of success: and the nation secure at home, commerce would lose nothing in activity, nor the country be checked in its rising progress.

War, conducted as a business of parade, is very different from the kind in which we are engaged; and it is trusted that men who have most at stake, will be the first to set the example; and not act like the field officer, who, placing his men behind a stone wall, ordering them not to fire upon the enemy, who were approaching, until they should pass a bridge which was over a rivulet a small distance from the wall, and then conduct themselves as brave soldiers; and after giving this officer-like advice, ride off, leaving his regiment to act as their fear or courage might dictate; the consequence was that, before the enemy were within one hundred paces of the wall, these men, regardless of the commands received from their Hudibrastic Colonel, discharged their pieces, and then fled in every direction.

Such examples we believe are rare; but if there is any importance attached to this anecdote, (and we pledge ourselves for its authenticity) it is important to know, however, that the rich must set the example to the middle classes of society, and we have no doubt, that men of honour will every where be found ready to give up every consideration, and life itself, in support of the cause in which we are engaged;

* Men, trained to the use of arms, very soon fight as well as veteran troops. It is a fact well known in the history of of the American war, that there was a company of gentlemen of Philadelphia, called the Silk Stocking Company, and in the campaign of 1776 and 1777, they were called into actual service, at the affair of Prince Town, New Jersey, when the American army fell upon the rear of Earl Cornwallis's troops; those gentlemen led on the attack, and though it was the first time of their being brought into action, they acquitted themselves like veteran troops;—and we have still a more remarkable illustration of this in an instance of a new raised troop, in the late war in Ireland; every military man must have applauded the action; and it is remarkable that no public notice has been taken of the circumstance: we allude to the affair of Killala, where Colonel Vereker, commander of the Limerick militia and yeomanry of the country, gave the first check to the French general Humbert, who was marching in victorious career in the high road to Dublin; having overcome in his march every obstacle, though he had been opposed by troops of the line and others; until this band of men—men, who were alive to the supposed danger with which their country was threatened, (for it was not then known with what force the enemy might invade), put an end to their march.

engaged; every man who has seen actual service, will agree in opinion, that if war must be undertaken, it must not be considered as amusement, and that it is only by superior bravery, it can be rendered successful. We might illustrate this from innumerable examples, selected from our own history.—General Wolfe was only desirous of gaining the heights of Abraham, which he considered as defeating his enemy. That hero, whose name lives in the memory of a grateful country—whose fame is inscribed with living branches of the never fading laurel, addressed his soldiers in these terms: "*I congratulate my brave countrymen, and fellow soldiers, on the spirit and success with which you have effected the important part of this enterprize, the formidable heights of Abraham are now surmounted, and the city of Quebec, the object of our toils, now stands in full view before you.*" The ardour of his army scarcely allowing him time to proceed, the enemy every where attacked, when the French were routed in every direction.—Such is the spirit of British soldiers when they have confidence in their commander, such influence had these cheering words from a general, who shared in all their toils, that the battle was considered as won; and the world admiring the achievement, has done justice to British valour. Let the commanding officers of our army obtain similar confidence.

It might be asked, what is there in one man superior to another as a soldier but physical energy? Compare Englishmen to the nations of any other country, and their superiority of strength is strikingly apparent; and this superiority has been acknowledged from the period of the first invader, the usurper Julius Cæsar, who was treated so roughly by the Aborigines of the country, as obliged him to form a pretext for abandoning the island; and, if William I. obtained a battle over Harold, it was because the tyranny of the latter, who had no legal or legitimate pretensions to the throne, had rendered himself odious to the nation by his tyranny and cruelty; and all subsequent changes in the reigning order of things in our country, has originated in causes somewhat similar.

As to military tactics, the great object is celerity, by which the French, and the skill of their artillery-men, directing their actions by a spirit of enthusiasm, which has long since evaporated, established the superiority over the Austrian troops, and it would be uncandid not to admit that superiority. Englishmen however, are capable of moving with the same celerity; having more steadiness than the French, are stronger men, consequently have more firmness in charging with the bayonet; and it is with that weapon, the fate of the enemy ought to be decided.

In this mode of fighting, our superiority consists; if we abandon it depending upon expedients, we may leave that to chance which our courage would reduce to certainty.—Honourable death, statues, and rewards await the brave soldier—servitude, chains and ignominy are the lot of the pusillanimous.

GENERAL WOLFE's INSTRUCTIONS IN CASE OF INVASION.

The following instructions were drawn up by General Wolfe, in 1755, when Britain was threatened with an invasion by the French. They were designed for the use of the 20th regi-

ment of foot, then stationed at Canterbury; and as they are calculated to be of infinite service to the army in general, and to raw troops in particular, the publication of them at the present juncture, when our coasts are again menaced by the enemy, seems to be particularly proper. Coming from so high an authority, and recommended by a name which every British officer must hold in veneration, we have not a doubt but they will experience that attention to which they are unquestionably entitled.

WHOEVER shall throw away his arms in action, whether officer, non-commissioned officer, or soldier, unless it appears that they are so damaged as to be useless, either under pretence of taking up others of a better sort, or for any cause whatsoever, must expect to be tried by a general court martial for the crime.

If a serjeant leaves the platoon he is appointed to, or does not take upon him the immediate command of it, in case the officer falls, such serjeant will be tried for his life, as soon as a court-martial can be conveniently assembled. Neither officer, non-commissioned officer, nor soldier, is to leave his platoon, or abandon the colours for a slight wound. While a man is able to do his duty and can stand, and hold his arms, it is infamous to retire.

The battalion is not to hallow, or cry out, upon any account whatsoever, although the rest of the troops should do it, till they are ordered to charge with their bayonets: in that case, and when they are upon the point of rushing upon the enemy, the battalion may give a warlike shout, and rush in. Before the battle begins, and whilst the battalion is marching towards the enemy, the officer commanding a platoon is to be at the head of his men, looking frequently back upon them, to see that they are in order; the serjeant, in the meanwhile, taking his place in the interval; and the officers are not to go to the platoon till they have their orders, or a signal so to do, from the commanding officer of the battalion; and this will only be given a little before the action begins.

If the battalion should be crowded at any time, or confined in their ground, the captain or officer, commanding a grand division, may order his centre platoon to fall back, till the battalion can extend itself again, so as to take up its usual ground.

All the officers upon the left of the colours are to be upon the left of their platoons; the captain of the piquet is to be upon the left of his piquet, and the ensign in the centre. Every grand division, consisting of two companies as they now are, is to be told off into three platoons, to be commanded by a captain, a lieutenant, and an ensign, with a serjeant to each. The rest of the officers, and non-commissioned officers, are to be distributed in the rear, to complete the files, to keep the men to their duty, and to supply the place of the officers and serjeants that may be killed, or dangerously wounded.

Every musqueteer is to have a couple of spare balls, an excellent flint in his piece, another or two in his pouch, and as much ammunition as he can carry.

A soldier that quits his rank, or offers to fly, is to be instantly put to death by the officer who commands the platoon, or by the officer or serjeant in the rear of that platoon. A soldier does not deserve to live who will not fight for his king and country.

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If a non-commissioned officer or private man is missing after an action, and joins his company afterwards unhurt, he will be reputed a fugitive and a coward, and will be tried for his life. The drummers are to stay with their respective companies, and to assist the wounded men.

Every officer, and every non-commissioned officer, is to keep strictly at his post and platoon, from the beginning to the end of an action, and to preserve all possible order and obedience. The confusion occasioned by the loss of men, and the noise of the artillery and musketry, will require every officer's strictest attention to his duty. When the files of a platoon are disordered by the loss of men, they are to be completed afresh with all expedition—in which the officers and non-commissioned officers in the rear are to be aiding and assisting. Officers are not to go from one part of the battalion to another, without orders, upon any pretence whatsoever.

The light companies of the battalions are never to pursue the enemy without particular orders so to do; the picquet and grenadiers will be detached for that purpose, and the battalion is to march in good order to support them. If the firing is ordered to begin by platoons, either from the wings or from the centre, it is to proceed in a regular manner till the enemy is defeated, or till the signal is given to attack them with the bayonets. If we attack a body less in extent than the battalion, the platoons in the wings must take care to direct their fire obliquely, so as to strike the enemy. The officer is to inform the soldiers of his platoon, before the action begins, where they are to direct their fire, and they are to take good care to destroy their adversaries. There is no necessity for firing very fast: a cool, well-levelled fire, with the pieces carefully loaded, is much more destructive and formidable than the quickest fire in confusion.

The soldiers are to take their orders from the officers of the platoon, and he is to give them with all possible coolness and resolution.

If a battalion in a front line should give way, and retire in disorder towards the second line, every other platoon, or every other company, is to march forward a little, leaving intervals open for the disordered troops to pass through; and after they are gone by, the battalion forms in one front, and moves forward to take the post in the first line, from whence the broken battalion retired.

If a battalion on either flank gives way, and is defeated, the picquet, or grenadier company, which ever it may happen to be, is to fall back immediately, without any confusion, to protect that flank of the regiment.

If the order of battle be such (and the country admits of it) that it is necessary to make breaches in the enemy's line, for the cavalry to fall in upon them, the grand divisions of the regiment are to form a firing column of three platoons in depth, which are to march forward, and pierce the enemy's battalion in four places, that the cavalry behind us may get in amongst them and destroy them. In such an attack, only the first of the three platoons should fire, and immediately present their bayonets and charge. These four bodies are to be careful not to run into one another in their attack, but to preserve the intervals at a proper distance.

All the attacks in the night are to be made with the bayonet, unless when troops are posted with no other design than to alarm, harrass or fatigue the enemy,

enemy, by firing at their out posts, or into their camp.

All parties that are intended to fire upon the enemy's columns of march, upon their advanced guard, or their rear, are to post themselves so as to be able to annoy the enemy without danger, and to cover themselves with slight breast works of sod behind the hedges, or with trees, and walls or ditches, or any other protection, that, if the enemy return the fire, it may do no mischief.—These little parties to keep their posts till the enemy prepares to attack with a superiority; upon which they are to retire to some other place of the same kind, and fire in the same manner; constantly retiring when they are pushed. But when a considerable detachment of foot is posted to annoy the enemy in their march, with orders to retire when attacked by a superior force, the country behind is to be carefully examined, and some parties sent off early to post themselves in the most advantageous manner to cover the retreat of the rest—this is always to be done in all situations when a considerable body is ordered to retire.

If an entrenchment is to be attacked, the troops should move as quick as possible towards the place, not in line, but in little firing columns of three or or four platoons in depth, with small parties between each column, who are to fire at the top of the parapet, when the columns approach, to divert the enemy's fire, and to facilitate their passing the ditch, and scrambling over the parapet, which they must endeavour to do without loss of time. It is to very little purpose to fire at men who are covered with an entrenchment; but, by attacking in the manner abovementioned, one may hope to succeed.

If the battalion attacks another of nearly equal extent, whose flanks are not covered, the grenadiers and picquet may be ordered to detach themselves, and surround the enemy, by attacking the flank and rear, while the light companies charge in front. The grenadiers and picquet should therefore be accustomed to these sort of movements, that they may execute their orders with a great deal of expedition.

If the centre of the battalion is attacked by a column, the wings must be extremely careful to fire obliquely, and that part of the battalion, against which the column marches, must reserve their fire, and if they have time to put two or three bullets in their pieces it must be done. When the column is within about twenty yards, they must fire with a good aim, which will necessarily stop them a little. This body may then open from the centre, and retire by files towards the wings of the regiment, while the neighbouring platoons wheel to the right and left, and either fire, if they are loaded, or close up, and charge with their bayonets.

The loss of the field officers will be supplied (if it should happen) by the captains, who will execute the plan of the regiment with honour.

If the battalion should have the misfortune to be invested in their quarters (or in a post which they are not commanded to defend) by a great superiority, they have but one remedy, which is to pierce the enemy's lines in the night, and get off. In this case, the battalion attacks with their ranks and files closed, and with their bayonets fixed, and without firing a shot. They will be formed in order of attack, suited to the place they are in, the troops they are to charge, and the nature of the country through which they are to pass.

If the battalion attacks the enemy's camp or quarters in the night, all pos-

sible means will be used, no doubt, to surprise them; but if they are found in arms, they are to be vigorously attacked with the bayonet. It is needless to think of firing in the night, because of the confusion it creates, and the uncertainty of hitting any object in the dark.

A column that receives the enemy's fire, and falls immediately in among them, must necessarily defeat them, and create very great disorder in their army.

ADDRESS

TO THE

PEOPLE OF ENGLAND,

But more especially that numerous and valuable class of my Fellow-Subjects, the ingenious and industrious working MANUFACTURERS, *of large towns; and the laborious and virtuous* POOR *throughout England, who may unhappily imagine an Invasion of it, and a change of government, would better their present condition.*

Friends and Countrymen,

THOUGH the title which I have prefixed to this letter is general, and embraces every class and description of men, from the highest to the lowest, yet I would wish it to be understood on the present occasion, that I am not addressing persons of rank and property, for those who have a large and obvious stake in the country, are sufficiently convinced of their danger from the threatened invasion. It is that description of persons who are *really the People*, and who constitute the great mass of every society, those who exist by their daily labour, whom I would wish to convince of the danger that besets them, and to satisfy *them*, that they have also something at *stake*, which is of infinitely more value and importance than a little property; that their honour, their liberties, their independence, their wives, their children, their means of existence, and their existence itself, is threatened by a cruel and *savage* enemy.

I shall not appeal to your passions, though the indignation of every Englishman (a nation famed for humanity and honour) must be most powerfully excited by the perfidy and the cruelties of the Tyrant of France. There is not an Englishman who would not be ashamed to unite with or to rank under the banner of the *Murderer of Jaffa*; the man who massacres in cold blood prisoners, children, and women; the man who *poisons his fellow soldiers*; the desolator of nations; whose steps are marked with horror, rapine, and murder, wherever his ferocious and plundering bands have erected his standard.

But it is not to this or any other passion I would wish to appeal. It is to your *reason*, and to your *interests*. I would show you, as I think I can, that it is as much your interest to oppose the plunderers and assassins of Bonaparte, as that of any man of property among us.

Those who wish to betray you will insinuate "that your lot is poverty; you exist by your labour from day to day; that you can but work hard and gain little in whatever hands the government of this country is vested." But this is *not true*, for you would find, that if this country was subdued by the French, you could not gain *an existence by your labour*, if indeed existence would be allowed you at all.

No man feels more sincerely for the hardships of the poor than the writer of this Address. That they have many

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to encounter is too true, and such has been the case from the beginning of time, and it is to be feared ever will. Yet the condition of the poor in this country is infinitely preferable to their condition in any other country in Europe. Though individuals may occasionally have much to suffer, yet there are many alleviations of their hardships, and their condition may be bettered by many more circumstances than are to be found in any other country. This is a great, opulent and trading nation; every man who is willing to work can find employment, and certain and ready pay. This is not the case in any other country in Europe, and particularly in France, where the poor are now literally *starving*; where the *highways are crowded with beggars:* where, notwithstanding the thousands who have been massacred, many other thousands have actually perished for want at different times, since the commencement of the Revolution.

Should the French successfully *invade this country*, its trade and manufactures must be inevitably ruined. That wealth which enables your employers to pay and maintain you will all be plundered, and you will find too late, that you cannot "work and live:" —that you can neither get employment nor subsistence.

The condition of the poor, however deplorable as it may seem, is still better in this country than in any other, in the prospects which are opened to industry and enterprize. It is perhaps the only country in Europe where a poor man by application or invention can entertain the hope of becoming rich. I could enumerate almost thousands of instances within my own knowledge, where men by diligence or ingenuity have risen from the very lowest stations to sit among the Grandees and Legislators of their country. The late most ingenious, most respectable *Mr. Wedgwood*, was a poor boy, and even in his maturer years worked as a common journeyman potter. *Sir Richard Arkwright*, was an obscure country barber, till his ingenious invention raised him to a princely fortune. The story of Whittington is every day realized in the metropolis, by persons who have not indeed risen by the casual aid of a *Cat*, but by surer means—by activity and industry. A late most respectable, and most *respected Chief Magistrate* of London, is not ashamed to own that he rose from one of the lowest situations in life, and that the streets through which he rode in state he had formerly traversed *without Shoe or Stocking*.

Now shew me any thing like this in France! and yet more; if the French were unfortunately ever to come among us, all this would be at an end; the hopes of the poor man would be for ever crushed, for our trade would be ruined.

However humanity may be disposed to commiserate the hardships to which many of the poor are exposed, still in this happy country there are some circumstances that serve greatly to alleviate them. That noble, that honourable, and humane institution, the parochial provision which is made for them, must be a great source of comfort to every poor old man; it must be a consolation to know, that in old age and infirmity he will not be left to perish for want in the highway; to know that he has a *right* to a maintenance from his country; that he can *claim*, and need not beg it. This too, would be destroyed by a successful invasion, and the last hope and solace of the poor man, would thus be taken from him.

Besides the parochial provision, what country can boast such noble institutions for the relief of poverty and distress

as this? In sickness, you are taken care of; there are alm-houses for old age; and your children are clothed and educated by the spirited contributions of your fellow citizens.—Alas! were those desolators of the earth to come among us, every hospital and alms-house would be razed to the ground, and that which supported them would be the prey of *wolves* and *tigers*.

Under the horrid reign of the *Corsican Tyrant*, you would not only be *poor*, but you would be *slaves*. You would not be *tried* by your *Peers*, your *equals*, your fellow-citizens, men of like passions and feelings with yourselves: you would be tried by a *Military Tribunal*, or worse, by his sordid, venal, cruel Judges; for he has an inveterate *hatred to the Trial by Jury*. You would not be called upon to serve your country as volunteers, or enrolled in a national militia, which even the KING himself cannot order on foreign service. You would be dragged in *chains* as *conscripts*, and transported to serve as something worse than slaves in St. Domingo, Guiana, Africa, and the most unwholesome climates upon earth.

The condition, too, of a French soldier, is the most *miserable* that can be conceived, and their valour is in most cases the effect of despair in men to whom death is a release! They are allowed not half the pay of an English soldier, and yet this miserable pittance is always in arrear. They are *starving* and *in rags*, unless they have the good luck to be sent into Holland to be cloathed at the expence of that unfortunate people, whom the FIRST CONSUL insults and derides under the title of Allies.

But under all these horrible and humiliating circumstances, perhaps a dastardly conduct will not even secure to you the wretched boon of existence. He will *not even let you starve in quiet*.

Do you think that he murders only the rich? Alas; it is a melancholy truth, that the hardships and insults inflicted on a conquered country by an invading enemy, fall chiefly on the poor. The rich can find means to fly, or have something to offer that may save or redeem their persons. When he desolated Franconia, Suabia, and Piedmont, do you suppose that he cut off only the opulent? No such thing, it was the harmless peasants, their wives, and children, that experienced his cruelty.—When he stormed Alexandria, and massacred the wretched inhabitants, who *fled for protection to the house of God*, did he make any distinction between the rich and the poor? No! man, woman, and child, were indiscriminately put to the sword. When he murdered in cold blood 4000 persons of all ages and sexes on the sand hills of Jaffa, were they all *rich* people? They were the *poor* inhabitants of a *poor* Turkish village.—What does the French historian of their exploits relate of the conduct of Bonaparte's Army in Egypt? "If the miserable inhabitants of any village quitted it through terror on the approach of the French, on their return they found nothing but the mud of which the walls were formed," the roofs and all the utensils being burnt and destroyed.—"Nothing was found either of corn or of animals, but the bodies of their faithful dogs, killed in at empting to defend their masters' property." If the French made any stay in a village, "such of the inhabitants as fled were treated as rebels." When they submitted and came in a body to pay the heavy contributions, amounting generally to their all, they were often shot at by the riflemen (through mistake,

mistake, so careless are the French of human blood,) and most of them slaughtered. "When they staid quietly in their villages, or joined the French, they were only compelled to supply the wants of the army, saw their provisions eaten with regularity, and had a few of their wives and daughters ravished."—See Denon's Travels in Egypt, published under the patronage of the First Consul.

To do the First Consul justice, his *impartial* cruelty is equally dealt out to both friend and foe. Those who have betrayed and deserted their country, receive in return only insult and indignity. Ask the unfortunate Irish, many of whom are now starving in the streets of Paris, for their love of French principles, and their admiration of Bonaparte? The mutineers of the *Hermione*, however, one would think by their atrocity and cruelty, would have merited his esteem; they were "of the same kidney" with himself; yet what was their reward?—Only the miserable privilege of re-shipping themselves, and coming home to be hanged on gibbets.

My countrymen, let me intreat you to make use of the *native, plain good sense* of Englishmen. The person who now addresses you is *one of yourselves*. He is neither a person of rank nor fortune, he knows that it is impossible in any country that *every man can be rich*; but in this country he knows and feels, that he enjoys many advantages which he could not have under the present *execrable tyranny* exercised in France, where people can neither *write* nor *speak their thoughts*, where every social pleasure is destroyed by the suspicions of a jealous and cruel government, where every thing is decided by *the point of the Bayonet*, and where the miserable inhabitants exist in perpetual fear of their lives.

Your forefathers detested the *Slavery of France*, and boldly resisted all their attempts to enslave Britain. If you will enquire and examine into *the truth*, you will find that France now exists in a *more abject state of slavery* than under the worst of its Kings.

Bonaparte hates you; he may, perhaps, affect to smile upon a traitor, but if that traitor is an Englishman, "his smile is death," as was remarked by one of his own attendants at Jaffa; and let it not be forgotten, that the very General appointed to command the expedition against you, has declared, "that if he comes, he will make England such a country that it will not be fit for Englishmen to live in."

These, my friends, are serious facts; and I am not deluding you by fine words; and could you, however unpleasant your present condition, bear to see that country that gave you birth, that country, the nurse of Liberty; that has produced a race of heroes, the terror of tyrants, who made the *proud Louis tremble* on his throne; could you bear to see that country made a desart?—Perish the wretch who says "because we are *poor* we must be *rebels!*" Why cannot a poor man have in his heart the same sentiments of honour and of patriotism as his richest neighbour? I detest the villain that would dare to tell me the contrary; and when the *Agents of France* utter such sentiments, they *insult* and *mock* us, and would lead us to our ruin. We will however teach them a different lesson. It is only by *acting as men* that we can be respected even by an enemy. *Cowards and traitors* are always despised; but Englishmen, thank God! are neither: they will be found to resist

tyranny

tyranny in every form, let the tyrant be whom he may. They will shew their enemies that *virtue* and *valour*, and *honour* and *patriotism*, are the lot, not merely of the rich, but of the poor; and that to be *rich* in these qualities, is to be really greater than the possessor of millions.

VALERIUS.

SPEECHES

Of LADY MILBANKE, *and Sir* RALPH MILBANKE, *to the* SUNDERLAND VOLUNTEER INFANTRY, *on Monday November the 2d*, 1803.

AT nine o'clock in the morning the regiment paraded in Villers-street, where they took the oath of allegiance, dressed in their new uniform. During which time, Lady Milbanke gave a breakfast to the ladies at the George Inn.—At ten the men were marched down to St. John's chapel, preceded by their band.—The new colours were placed one on each side of the reading desk during prayers, and an excellent sermon was delivered from Psalm lviii. verse 10: "Doubtless there is a God," by the Rev. G. Stephenson, A. M. chaplain to the corps. The colours were borne to the altar table, one supported by R. Lambton, Esq. M. P. the other by Brook Richmond, Esq. where they were duly consecrated by the chaplain; the standards were then taken to a temporary building erected on the town moor for the occasion, where they were delivered by her ladyship to Col. Sir Ralph Milbanke, with the following speech:

SIR,

When I look around on the present scene, and behold this loyal and patriotic corps in arms for the defence of our native land, and reflect that you are honoured by being called to the command of it, I freely avow my bosom glows with honest pride—I must be insensible to every feeling which ought to animate the heart of a wife and an Englishwoman, if this was not to me a moment of enthusiastic exultation. Many of those I have now the honour to address, were Volunteers also in the former war;—return and increase of their country's danger has again brought them forward, and added to their numbers. Thus will the spirit of Britons ever rise in proportion to the cause which may call it forth.

During the late conflict, our inveterate antagonists were more distracted in their councils, more unsettled in their government—they were opposed by other powers; but, at this crisis, BONAPARTE, under the title of First Consul, has established a systematic tyranny of the European nations: some have tamely submitted to his yoke; some, like unhappy, deluded Switzerland, confiding in his faithless promises, have sunk beneath his iron rule; while others meanly stand aloof, to behold, with calm indifference, his desolating sway!

Bonaparte has now concentrated all his force to attack the British Isles, and insolently boasts that we are unequal to the fight! He vainly expects ere long his arm will effect universal conquest: but, "there is a step which he must overleap, or else fall down,"—a step too lofty for even his vaulting ambition to overleap;—it is the British empire. On that step will he fall. Our fleets sweep from the seas his tri-coloured flag, insult his coasts, and interrupt his preparations for invasion: but should his transports elude the vigilance of our naval commanders, and reach these shores, his Gallic legions will again experience

perience they are not invincible when opposed to Britons.

Should Bonaparte obtain ascendancy over the country, as the barbarous hordes of former ages, who, when they overran more civilised nations, delighted to destroy the beautiful productions of art and learning they were too rude to imitate or value—so would that remorseless tyrant, with malignant joy and savage fury, destroy our glorious constitution, the object of his hatred, the monument of his shame. That beloved monarch, so justly dear to us, would be torn from his throne, our senators degraded, our equal laws annulled, the ministers of our pure religion reviled and persecuted, the celebration of our holy rites forbid! Lives there, my countrymen, one who would not shed his blood to avert these scenes of horror? I know there does not; "for honour's thought dwells solely in the breast of every man:"—Nor is there one among you who would stoop to drag on a wretched and humiliating existence, deprived of liberty, the subject of a foreign power, the slave of Bonaparte?

My sex, weak and defenceless, is incapable of active exertion; but it remains for us to testify, by every method in our power, the respect and gratitude we entertain for all the gallant champions of our safety. As a proof of mine, for the Sunderland Volunteers, I have presumed to offer these colours, and hold myself greatly honoured that they are accepted.

I flatter myself no one here needs any assurance of my attachment to this place; gratitude demands it warmly, nor is the call unanswered.

The situation of Sunderland, as a sea-port of very considerable commerce—its importance in the national scale, as a nursery for seamen, distinguished for skill and courage, even in a navy where all are brave—must interest every one in its prosperity and safety. But should our presumptuous foes direct their attack to any other quarter, I am bold to say all local interests would be disregarded, and the first and only wish of the Sunderland Volunteers, would be to face the invaders where danger threatened most.

The very generous manner in which the inhabitants and others have contributed to equip this corps, demands our best acknowledgments; but I am certain they will derive more satisfaction from the consciousness of their patriotic liberality, than from my thanks.

I am commissioned by Nathaniel Atcheson, Esq; to request the Sunderland Volunteers will accept from him their camp colours, as a token of his high regard, and the interest he takes in their success.

Sir Ralph Milbanke, receive these banners; you and your gallant comrades may speedily be called forth under them, to fight your country's battles; should it prove so, I will pray Almighty God to crown you and your fellow-soldiers with happy, glorious victory. But should you fall, a weeping widow will yet proudly say—"He was ever faithful to his King and Country, and in their cause he fell!"

Sir Ralph Milbanke's Reply.

MADAM,

If ever there was a moment of my life in which my feelings were strongly agitated, they are still more so at this present time.

The circumstances of receiving these colours from you, with whom I have been connected, by the tenderest and dearest ties, for many years, and to whom I am attached by the strongest sensations of gratitude and affection, must

must deeply affect my mind. The circumstances, also, of the times in which they are presented, must awaken my feelings, in conjunction with those of all present—in conjunction with those of all true Britons.

We are now engaged in a war, different from all preceding wars; a war, not for a point of honour, not for the possession of some territory, not for any thing definable in its nature, or certain in its extent—but, with an enemy, restless, perfidious, and ambitious, eager to wrest from us that happiness of which he has deprived the greater part of Europe—bearing an irreconcileable hatred to this country, for having refused, opposed, and stopped his progress towards universal dominion.

It affords me, however, the greatest satisfaction, to observe the spirit, the manly and ardent spirit, of loyalty and attachment to our constitution, which has prevailed.

I am confident there is no man who hears me this day, not an inhabitant of the most distant part of our island, not an inhabitant of the whole territory of Great Britain, who would not prefer death, honourable death, to an ignominious surrender of our liberties to a haughty nation—and that nation the old, the constant, the determined enemy of our country.

Let us bear in mind, how our ancestors have opposed their numerous forces, and were victorious—how we, in modern times, have opposed them, and have been victorious. Victory never has, nor ever will desert Englishmen, closely and firmly united in a cause so glorious as that of their religion, liberty, and independence.

Happy, indeed, and proud I am, to have been called forth to fill so distinguished a situation as that in which I now appear, by the inhabitants of a town and vicinity to whom I am bound and devoted by reiterated obligations; happy to unite with you, who have come forward with so much zeal and alacrity, in the present crisis, to join you in every exertion, to share your fortunes, to encounter all danger with you, for the defence of our King and Country, and strenuously to support the cause of Great Britain to the latest hour of my life.

Who can forget the conduct of Bonaparte, in his treatment of Switzerland? once a brave and free people, and famous, in the annals of history, for their resistance to oppression and tyranny. Those who have trusted to his faithless promises, he has deceived by a phantom of liberty, only to make their degradation the more humiliating, and the fetters with which they have been bound, more intolerable and more galling. Who can forget his sanguinary transactions in Egypt? Nay, wherever, like a malignant star, he has spread his baneful influence, and his pernicious beams.

His crimes, his cruelties, his atrocities, are unparalleled. Who but must turn with loathing, from successive fields of carnage, and shameless violations of all faith, equity, and humanity. Yet I feel a confidence, that the time is not far distant, when a period will be put to this usurper's power, to the career of this offender against God and man, this scourge of the human race.

Friends and fellow-soldiers, if our enemies should have the audacity to invade this country, let the words* engraven on this banner, animate your courage, stimulate you to noble deeds of loyalty and patriotism. Let us (firmly united with the rest of our gallant countrymen) prove to the world, how we Britons, alone and unassisted, have

* Semper fideles regi et patriæ.

have opposed a great and powerful nation, have checked ambition, have beat down despotism, have driven their armies back with shame and disgrace, and have trampled their insulting banners under our feet.

(To the Ensigns who received the Colours.)

In delivering these colours to you, I am certain I deliver them to a corps upon whose zeal and loyalty their country may rely on every occasion. I now commit them to your charge, being confident that the Sunderland Volunteers, wherever they may be engaged, will distinguish themselves by their courage; and that these colours will lead them on to glory, and be conspicuous in the front of the battle.

Translation of a Letter written in 1797, *by an Ambassador of one of the powers allied with the Directory. The original may be found in No.* 101, *of* "Paris pendant l'Annee, 1797." *Its re-publication at the present moment may not be unserviceable, inasmuch as it identifies the* Hero of 1797 *with the* Consul of 1803, *and serves to establish more firmly the truth of those atrocities with which the Corsican has been publicly accused, by Sir Robert Wilson and others, since the period which it was written.*

ATROCITIES OF BONAPARTE, IN 1797.

"ESCAPED at length from the long and cruel fatigues of the most murderous of wars, I am just arrived from the Army of Italy, after being lamed for life at the battle of Arcola. I have paid the debt of gratitude, which I owed to my country; I have given her proofs of my zeal and of my love, and have sealed them with my blood. Become an invalid in the bloom of youth, and no longer able to fight in her service, I am entitled to her protection. In her bosom have I sought an asylum, and no longer able to serve her with an arm paralised by the steel of the enemy; I, nevertheless, devote to her a heart which adores her, and a holy boldness in denouncing to her, I will not say abuses, that would be too cold an expression, but deeds of atrocity, at which Nero himself would have blushed, and which Suetonius would not have dared to impute to that monster.

"Believe me, I do not dispute the great military talents of Bonaparte; his successes speak for themselves. But what I contend for is, that Bonaparte is the most dangerous of all the French citizens; that Bonaparte is a citizen in the manner of Cæsar, that it is in the manner of Cæsar that he loves equality, and that it is with all the contempt which Cæsar entertained for the Senate of Rome, that Bonaparte speaks of the Government of France. For the truth of my assertion, I appeal to all who are in the habit of being constantly about his person. He is Gustavus in the midst of battle; but like Gustavus, he pants for a throne and a crown, not to set it upon the head of this or that prince, but to place it upon his own.

"The most violent satraps of the great king had less power, and certainly less insolence and less vanity, than Bonaparte has given proofs of during his campaigns in Italy.

"These are facts of the greatest notoriety. I only relate what all have seen, what every general has heard, and what all are ready to depose, whenever they are called on by the Directory, with

with the exception of a wretch of the name of *Le Clerc*,* the slave of Robespierre, of *Rusca*, a drinker of blood, and a shameless robber, and of a few brigands of the same stamp.

"Ardently do I hope, that some one more skilful than myself, will furnish the public with a detail of the atrocities committed by Bonaparte: they exceed all possible belief! I call upon every true Frenchman, now at the head of our armies in Italy, to save their country and their fellow-citizens, and to declare to the Directory what they know of the facts which I am about to denounce. I call too, upon the Directory, to interrogate the best generals in the army. Guarantee them but from the *poniard* of Bonaparte, then will they speak out, and this is what they will depose.

"Bonaparte, besides the contributions which he levies, exacts also enormous sums for himself, and appropriates to his own use as much of the spoliation of the countries he has devastated as suits his convenience; this money is lodged in the hands of several bankers at Genoa, Leghorn, and Venice. Very considerable sums also have been sent into Corsica.

"Bonaparte is at once the vainest and the most impudent of mortals. But he unites the vanity of a child to the atrocity of a dæmon.

"I say—(and it is what twenty thousand men know without daring to say it, but what all will say, now that, like another Curtius, I throw myself into the gulph for the safety of my brethren in arms)—I say, that in no age, and under no tyrant, have crimes more enormous been committed, than those which are daily committed under the direction and authority of Bonaparte!

"Will it be credited, that in the hospitals appropriated to the sick and wounded, the surgeons devoted to Bonaparte have *a constant order*, as soon as they see a sick soldier past recovery, or one whose incurable wounds will render him no longer of use to the service, to set a mark upon his bed; which fatal mark announces to the attendants that this victim *is to be carried away with the dead!* He is accordingly thrown into a waggon appointed to remove the dead bodies to the grave, and is generally *strangled* or *smothered!* But notwithstanding these precautions, as the carriages move along to the place of interment, the cries and groans of the unfortunate men about *to be buried alive*, may be distinctly heard on all sides! To this horrible fact I have myself been an eye-witness, as well as to what I am going to relate.

"In the month of July, 1797, after an action which took place near Salo, on the Lac de Guarda, Bonaparte gave orders that *not only the dead, but the dying and wounded, should be buried!* The wretched victims were placed upon five waggons, and at midnight were dragged to an enormous ditch, and precipitated therein. The cries of the living being distinctly heard, the monsters threw down eight loads of burning lime upon them, which, falling upon the undressed wounds of the poor victims, caused them to send forth such piercing moans, that the virtuous curate of Salo, seized with horror at the transaction, died in consequence of the affright!

"Such are the atrocities to which I have been an eye-witness, and which

* "This wretch afterwards married the Corsican's sister, and was sent with the command of the army to Saint Domingo, where he paid the forfeit of his crimes."

I denounce

I denounce to all men and to all ages! If the Directory wish to be satisfied as to the truth of my assertions, they have it in their power to be so. I do not sign my name to this Letter, as I am not desirous of being assassinated before the examination of the crimes I have denounced can take place. I call upon the Directory to verify the facts; and, that done, I will immediately present myself before them as a witness. In the mean time I shall make myself known to REUBELL."

BERNE, JUNE 2, 1803.

"I will now keep my promise, and send you a faithful account of our present Government, of our Parties, and of our sufferings, from the tyrannical interference of the Corsican in our last struggle for liberty and independence.

"The French innovators have mistaken and misunderstood our national character, in judging of it after the selfish and inconstant French, after the thoughtless and unthinking Italian, or after the dull and phlegmatic Batavian. We are the very opposite; we are not only constant, firm, and intrepid, but obstinate and stubborn; and when centuries have not been able to eradicate from our minds the attempts of Austria to tyrannize over our ancestors, how can France expect its recent oppressions and tyranny, which we so cruelly feel and witness, can be forgotten, forgiven, or submitted to?

"Had the Government which the Corsican has forced upon us, been *our own and free choice*, it might have quieted if not satisfied our parties; but the *very idea of force* being used, which proved *our freedom enslaved and our independence lost*, has such an effect upon all true Swiss, that we had preferred anarchy or even the worst of governments of our own choice, to the best regulated government in the world, imposed upon us by the cruel hand of power, and by a foreign tyrant.

"Mr. D'Affrey, our present Landamman, in wishing to gain over the different parties, has offended and displeased them all. We do not see in him our First Magistrate, but the First Slave of Bonaparte in Switzerland, in a place as degrading to himself, as insulting and humiliating to us. When he speaks of his patriotism, we think of nothing but his ambition, and when he talks of his love of his country, we remember his adulation of, and obligation to, our Common Tyrant the Corsican Tyrant of France, Italy, Germany, and Holland. Bonaparte may succeed with French Royalists, and Republicans, Aristocrats, and Jacobins; he may succeed with the contemptible French Egotists, Rebels, and Regicides, to blend such heterogeneous beings in the same Councils and in the same Senate; he may succeed in Italy and Holland; but in Switzerland, where our first thoughts, our first lessons, our first instructions, were *honour* and *liberty*, the *love of our Country*, and the *hatred of tyranny*; places *vice* and *power* with *guilt*, *equality with slaves*, and *fraternity with criminals*, excite no other sentiments but those of disgust, horror, and revenge; and how is it possible for us—for true Swiss Patriots, who have bled in our country's cause, to sit by the side of the Traitor who betrayed it—the villain who sold it—the coward who deserted it—and the Rebel who fought against it. Our animosities are, therefore, great and irreconcileable, and hardly a day passes without some duels or other scenes of bloodshed, and

the total extermination of one party or other, can only terminate our differences, our reproaches, our hatred, our complaints, and our sufferings.

" To this, too true relation, you may, perhaps, object our address to the Corsican Usurper; but they were all extorted by force, dictated by the sword, and signed by fear, under the French bayonets; you can form no idea of all the baseness, bribes, intrigues, threats, and cruelties that were by turn employed by the French emissaries and Swiss traitors to obtain the signatures—they were, in a few words, *worthy of the little Soul of the Great Upstart at St. Cloud*; and, as a proof of their sincerity and unanimity, those very addresses are now new causes of aversion, contest and combats, not only amongst the Swiss patriots, but even amongst the Swiss Jacobins, who reproach each other with those base and shameful manœuvres.

" But another evidence of our general detestation of France. One of the last acts of our late infamous Government was to cede to France some brigades of Swiss troops; most of the officers of these brigades resigned, and more than half of the soldiers deserted; to complete those and to levy fresh troops for the Corsican, has been lately the constant endeavour of our present government; but great as the poverty of our people is, and liberal as the offers of France have been, recruits enough have not been engaged to complete one single demi-brigade, when at the same time those of our countrymen formerly in the British service, are teized and exposed by hundreds every day, who offer themselves as soldiers; I can assure you it is not exaggeration when I affirm that, if our geographical position permitted it, in one week 20,000 men might be raised for England in Switzerland.

" Since our Corsican Constitution, emigration formerly confined to the Canton of Basle, have extended to an alarming height in all the other cantons, whole parishes and villages emigrate *en masse*, to avoid the sight of Bonaparte's soldiers, and to escape their cruelties; the price of property has decreased nearly 50 per cent. and should it continue in the same manner, after some years more of French fraternization, Swiss traitors and French slaves will be the only inhabitants of degraded and wretched Helvetia.

" Debauchery, immorality and irreligion, with all their consequent crimes, have accompanied the French here as well as every where else. Our wives, our daughters, are dragged away from the protection, from the arms of a father and a husband, to satisfy the lust, the vile passions of a vile soldiery; the moral principles of our youths are corrupted, vitiated, and totally perverted. Thieves, plunderers, housebreakers, highwaymen, assassins, and murderers, croud our prisons, protected by the French, escape or mock our laws.

" No respect, no safety, no protection, either of our persons or property; add to this an uncommon poverty from French plunder, from want of work, from want of encouragement to industry or prospect of gain, and you can form but an incomplete notion of our distresses, of our sufferings, and our complete misery. From being the most virtuous, moral, happy, and free nation, we are become a vicious, beggared, enslaved, and ruined people, and this cruel, abominable, and incomprehensible change, French tyranny, French seduction, French examples,

examples, and French principles have effected in less than five years!!!

"England, and England alone is our hope of relief, and our preventive from despair; and believe me, that the first cannon shot against France that resounds in our mountains, will be a signal for us to exterminate our oppressors or to perish in the attempt."

LORD BOLINGBROKE,

Upon the Subject of Invasion.

NOBODY can be ignorant, that the necessary preparations for an effectual invasion of this Island, would take up a great deal of time, and require such a number of ships, both for transports and converts, that all Europe must be fast asleep, if it should pass unobserved.

"But let us suppose that a foreign power shall conjure up a great naval armament all on a sudden, without any body's notice, and find means to steal into England, by the assistance of a dark night, or a favourable wind; yet, I should be glad to know, what they are to do when they get here; for though they might land upon us in such a clandestine manner, I presume it would not be altogether so easy for them to sculk back again, or a very difficult matter for us to intercept their supplies.

"Suppose then that 20,000 men, of which very few can be horse, are landed in England, without any human probability of being supplied from abroad, this army can never march 20 miles into the country; for they cannot put themselves into a marching posture, in less than a fortnight or three weeks; and, by that time, we may have 100,000 militia, drawn down upon them; whereof 10,000 shall be horse, and as many dragoons as we please: and if this militia does nothing else but drive the country, cut off their foragers and stragglers, possess themselves of the defiles; and intercept provisions,—their army might be destroyed in a short time."

If this reasoning be just in any degree, and it was never yet answered, what danger can we possibly apprehend from such an invasion; when our militia is backed with a body of several thousand regular troops, besides a sufficient number to man our garrisons, and secure Scotland.

This was the opinion of the great Duke of Marlborough, who declared, upon a very important occasion, that he would undertake to defeat any body of men, which possibly could be landed upon us by surprise, with only his own regiment of guards, two or three regiments of dragoons, and such a train of artillery as he could easily draw out against them: whereas they could not possibly bring any with them of any consequence. Besides, it ought to be considered, that having no fortified towns to secure themselves, till people could come in to join them, it would be impossible to stand long against such a force.

INVASION.

The following Letter of Mr. BURKE's, *addressed to his friend Dr. Lawrence, a short time previous to his death, will be found interesting:—*

"*My dear Sir,*

"THE very first relaxation of my complaints, which gave me leisure and disposition to attend to what is going on, has filled my mind with many uneasy sensations, and many unpleasant reflections. The few of us, who have protracted life to the extreme limits of our short period, have been condemned to see extraordinary things—new systems

tems of policy—new opinions—new principles—and not only new men, but what might appear a new species of men. I believe that they who lived forty years ago (if the intermediate space of time were expunged from their memory) could hardly credit their senses, when they heard from the highest authority, that an army of 200,000 men was kept up in this island; that in the neighbouring island there were at least four score thousand more; but when he should hear of this army, which has not its parallel, what must be his astonishment to hear, that it was kept up for the mere purpose of an inert and passive defence; that in its far greater part, it was disabled, by its constitution and very essence, from defending us against an enemy by any one preventive stroke, or any operation of active hostility? What must his reflections be, on hearing that a fleet of 500 men of war, the best appointed, and to the full as ably commanded, as this country ever had upon the sea, was for the greater part employed in acting upon the system of unenterprising defence? What must his sentiments be, who remembers the former energy of England, when he is given to understand, that these two islands, with their extensive and every where vulnerable sea coast, should be considered as a garrison sea town? What would he think if the garrison of so strange a fortress should be such as never to make a sally; and that, contrary to all that has been hitherto seen in war an infinitely inferior army may with safety besiege this garrison, and, without hazarding the life of a man, ruin the the garrison and the place, merely by the menaces and false appearances of an attack? What must his surprise be, on finding, that with the increases of trade, and balances unknown before, and with less outgoing than at any former time, the public credit should labour, even to the edge of a bankruptcy; and that the confidence of the people in the security of their property should lessen in proportion as all the apparent means of their safety are augmented! The last part of this dreadful paradox is to be solved but by one way; and that is by an obscure undefined scene which the people entertain that the apparent means of their safety are not real, nor well understood, and that they confide in their Government, more from their opinion, that some sort of Government should be supported, than from a conviction that the measures taken by the existing Government for the public safety are rational or well adapted to their end. Had it pleased God to continue to me even the late weak remains of my strength, I purposed to make this the subject of a letter, which I intend to address to a brother member of yours, upon the present state of affairs? but as I may be never able to finish it, I regard this matter of defence as so much the most important of all considerations at this moment, that it supercedes all concern of my bodily and mental weakness, and urges me, by an impulse I cannot resist, to spend at least my last breath in laying before you some part of the anxious thoughts with which I have been oppressed, and which, more than any bodily distemper, have sunk me to the condition in which you know I am. I have no hand to write, but I am able to dictate from the bed on which I pass my nights and days.

"What I say may have no weight; but it is possible that it may tend to put other men of more ability, and who are in a situation where their abilities may be more useful, into a train of thinking. What I dictate may not be

be pleasing either to the great or to the multitude; but looking back on my past public life, though not without many faults and errors, I have never made any sacrifices to the favour of the great, or to the humour of the people. I never remember more then two instances in which I have given way to popularity, and those two are the things of which in the whole course of my life, now at the end of it, I have the most reason to repent. Such has been the habit of my public life, even when individual favour and popular countenance might be plausibly presented to me as the means of doing my duty the more effectually. But now, alas! of what value to me are all those helps or all those impediments? When the damp chill sweat of death already begins to glaze our visage, of what moment is it to us whether the vain breath of man blows hot or cold upon it? But our duties to men are not extinguished with our regard to their opinions. A country, which has been dear to us from our birth, ought to be dear to us, as from our entrance, so to our final exit from the stage upon which we have been appointed to act; and in the career of the duties which must in part be enjoyments of our new existence, how can we better start, and from what more proper post, than the performance of those duties which have made the occupation of the first part of the course allotted to us?"

LIEUTENANT FAIRMAN's LETTER.

Lieutenant Fairman having evinced a mind of candour and liberality in his Letter to the Right Honourable William Windham, on the expediency of allowing a drawback of the DUTIES UPON WINES, for the consumption of the army, &c. *and his reflections on the character and conduct of Bonaparte, being so well delineated, we make no apology for their insertion in our present number.*

RARELY does it happen that there are any beneficial chances in the lottery of war as a temptation for the army to barter their blood for lucre. Seldom have they an opportunity of acquiring any *spolia opima* from the enemies of their country. The distressed state of their finances forms a shocking contrast to the splendid misery of their lives. A conflict with a regicide Republic is, of all others, the least calculated to hold out golden prospects. Little is there to be derived from such a contest more than solid glory—a passion by which, it is devoutly to be wished, the British soldiery may ever continue to be laudably animated. A war with Jacobinism has no advantages to soften its hideous features; nothing to diminish its horrors—to smooth its wrinkled front. It is a struggle of social order against lawless barbarity; a combat of justice and religion against plunder and atheism. No wonder, then, if hagard SANS CULOTTES, gaunt with famine, and flushed with liquor, display transitory acts of desperation (for I cannot call it valour) when opposed to an inferior number of troops neither goaded by necessity, nor wrought up to frenzy and fanaticism by the hope of pillage and other adventitious aids. But notwithstanding our vast disparity of force, we have had our successes—such as, taking into consideration the unparalleled disadvantages under which they were obtained, in vain might be sought for at any former period of history.

I cannot close my letter, Sir, without offering a few incidental reflections, which in all human probability, will never meet the eye of the party they are levelled at; and on whom, if by possibility of accident they did, there would be still less likelihood of their making an impression. In acknowledging the abilities of One who never placed any limits either to the ambition of his views, or to the effects of his resentment, I feel the less remorse in being obliged to express an abhorrence of his principles, and of his indifference as to the means of carrying them into execution. When superior endowments are converted to improper purposes, it is making but an ungracious return for the pre-eminent enjoyment of the choicest blessings. Happy might it have been for agonized Europe, had talents so transcendent been applied to nobler objects than the paltry gratification of *personal* aggrandizement. Fortunate would it have been for regenerated France, if, instead of aiming at an imperial diadem, the possessor of them had secured himself a crown of glory, by abdicating, to its rightful successor, the usurped sceptre he arbitrarily sways. So generous, so heroic an act, would have displayed a magnanimity of mind, a disinterestedness of soul, that would have transmitted his name through the remotest regions. This was the high road to immortality. Thus might he have acquired never-fading laurels. Here would have been a stroke worthy of his genius. With justice then might he have assumed the appellation, "GRAND PACIFICATOR!"

The person, of whom I am speaking, was equal to the imposed task. He is a man, I hesitate not to say, who might have effected this glorious deed. His means were fully adequate to its accomplishments. To an indisputable bravery and a quickness of conception, which, in the midst of difficulties and dangers, never forsake him, he unites a capacity at once comprehensive and vigorous. In him are combined all the necessary qualifications for bold and daring projects of stratagem and enterprize. He possesses all the requisites, all the expedients, formed to bring about so grand, so sublime an event. His measures seem even calculated to controul Fortune herself. His wonderful ascendency over the troops he commanded would have prevailed on them, at any time, to break the despotic tyranny under which that once magnificent kingdom, but now degraded country, had long groaned. His dissolution of the Council of Elders is a proof that he was not destitute of resources for the performance of so desirable an achievement. A plain indication this, of what he had the powers to plan—of what he had the resolution to execute. Here would have been an opportunity for the exercise of his unlimited influence. This was a proper crisis for the restoration of exiled and debased monarchy. The self-denial I will admit to have been great; such only as perhaps from the philosophy of the most rigid stoic, might be expected. Greater still would have been the credit. Immortal would be the fame. True glory consists in the sacrifice of every selfish consideration.

As to the feasibility of the plan, its success was more than probable. Added to the prodigious body *avowedly* disposed for the revival of the ancient Constitution, thousands besides would immediately have flocked round the Royal standard. Crowds, whom circumstances alone determine, after having risen against the legitimate authority, would as readily have employed

ployed the same energy to restore it. Many, who had preserved till then an insidious neutrality, would unreservedly have declared themselves in favour of the illustrious House of Bourbon. Safely might he have counted on finding some friends even among the malecontents. The whole collected battery of all the embodied Kings of Europe would have seconded the endeavour. The Congress of every civilized State in the Universe would have applauded the undertaking. The fiat and approbation of an admiring Heaven were in readiness to seal its ratification. But glorious would have been the effort, though attended with a failure, and himself had perished amid the ruins of the edifice he was struggling to rebuild. More honourable would have been the sepulchre than the superbest Mausoleum in the power of Eastern magnificence, or the plenitude of human vanity, to erect. Then, like the Roman Curtius, leaping boldly into the gulf that was to close upon him for ever, might he exultingly have exclaimed, there was nothing more truly valuable than patriotism and military virtue. More substantial this than the short-lived, fleeting honours of a Lodi or Marengo*. How preferable to the parasitical, prostituted incense of the Thuilleries!

A precedent of the kind was not wanting. Secure in the attachment of the army, no sooner did Monck declare his intention of reinstating the unfortunate Charles, than the air was rent with the loudest acclamations. Myriads were instantly seen running about, in all directions, frantic with joy. Such were the numbers of the loyalists, that it was the wonder of every one, where Sedition, which so lately reigned triumphant, had hid, on a sudden, her diminished crest. The same discordant, wavering people that so recently sought the sacred life of their Sovereign, as warmly now expressed their transports at his safety—their delight at his return—their repentance for past delusions. Harrassed and persecuted by a succession of tyrannies and unrelenting factions, they could not longer suppress their emotions of pleasure at beholding their Prince once more seated on his throne. Is it likely the French nation would have felt differently disposed, or that

* The Conqueror of Italy was not without his occasional defeats. For England's glory be it recorded, this redoubtable Champion of Republicanism, at the head of an immense army, was discomfited and put to flight by the superior heroism of a Captain of the British navy, ably supported by a handful of British seamen. Sir Sidney Smith, on this occasion, seemed to bear in memory the cruel indignities he had experienced during his long confinement in the Temple. But fortune kindly blessed him with an opportunity of taking *personal* castigation on the author of his unmerited sufferings——an opportunity of which he amply availed and boldly acquitted himself. Thus has the brave Sir Sidney fulfilled several passages of the Holy Scripture, in his miraculous defence of Acre*. Thus, as the agent of Divine Providence, has he preserved the temple of Jerusalem from the profane violation of a second Antiochus†. For had not the French met with this unexpected repulse, it was, no doubt, their intention to have ransacked that venerable city.

* *See* 2 *Mac. chap.* iii *ver.* 39.—*chap.* xv. *ver.* 31.—2 *Esdras, chap.* xv. *ver.* 16 *and* 17.
† *See* 2 *Mac. chap.* v.

the troops would have co-operated with less cordiality towards the restoration of the ill-fated and excluded Louis? From the similarity of the times, from the resemblance of the chiefs, it would be unfair to argue otherwise. A prudent conduct, a deep reserve, were leading traits in both. But the former, actuated by the noblest sentiments, zealous only for the interest of truth, and the well-being of society, risked every thing to re-establish freedom: while the latter—impelled by motives less honourable, and desirous of being apparently compelled to accept what he secretly wished to assume—to gratify an inordinate thirst of power, deserted the cause he professed to espouse. Ambitious of having his name enrolled among Kings and Potentates, in preference to following the example of a Deliverer, he vainly modelled his conduct after that of a Cromwell.

Since it could not be done, but to the manifest disadvantage of one, whom, if I feel no inclination to compliment, I have as little desire to offend, I shall forbear to exhibit the reverse of the picture. The disciples of Jacobinism will strenuously oppose to these tenets the common-place, hackneied language of treachery to the Republic. I will adopt neither the line of argument nor the phraseology usually resorted to in reply. I shall pursue a different course, by attempting cursorily to shew, that such engagements might not only be more honoured in the breach than in the performance, but that it sometimes becomes a *bounded duty* to dissolve them, for the benefit of those, on whose behalf, it is presumed, they have been originally entered into. Supposing, then, the pre-existence of an engagement, express or implied; granting, too, the contractor to have been actuated on this, as on all former occasions, by the most *conscientious* and *fastidious* scruples; he was absolved from the obligation by the eternal laws of God and of reason. An engagement founded in crime cannot be executed without injustice. If a Community be surprised and trepanned into wicked compacts, it is as much dischargeable from them, as are particular individuals who may be forced or inveigled into improvident measures, either through their own inadvertence and folly, or by the violence and villainy of others. As, between man and man, the fixed and determinate maxims of law are qualified and reversed by the more comprehensive and indulgent rules of equity: so does Heaven's chancery, as betwixt its magistracy and the people, take cognizance of the complaints of an aggrieved and abused nation. What is oppressive in the Courts of the one, is not without remedy at the Tribunal of the other. Absurd would be the hypothesis, that whole States or Kingdoms are more exempt from the privileges and protection of such an appeal, than are private societies, or their respective members.—To forsake one's allegiance is Treason. To desert from revolt is Loyalty. But the defenders of Regicide make no distinction between *lawful* inheritance and *forcible* entry. By an inverse mode of reasoning—with them, to subvert order is commendable, to resist commotion would be criminal. To place this matter in a familiar point of view, I suppose a case.—A mutiny breaks out on board a ship at sea. The captain and officers are inhumanly murdered. The crew, from among themselves, select a commander; who, in seeming compliance to their wishes, practices an artful manœuvre. From the moment of his undertaking the charge of the vessel, he forms the resolution

solution of conducting her to a place of safety, instead of into an enemy's port; for which, he teaches the pirates to believe he is steering. In the prosecution of his scheme, he meets with success; and delivers up the deluded wretches to the offended laws of their indignant country. What should we say of such a man? Should we pronounce him trust-betrayer? God forbid! Should we not rather term such conduct fidelity, than treachery.—It sometimes happens, that we approve the act, though we detest the motive: here, I think, we should admire the one, and applaud the other. To break truce with Rebels, is allowable in all cases: it is meritorious in most. In my mind, there is a material difference between a departure from the principles handed down to us by Ancestry, and a dereliction of those imposed on us by Revolution. The former is the legitimate issue of our forefathers, moulded in wisdom, nurtured by reason, and mellowed with maturity. The latter the spurious offspring of a heterogeneous mass of HERESY, MASSACRE, and CANNIBALISM. Thus much for Treason to the Majesty of the people. I confess, I am unable to distinguish between the parricidal would-be Republic of a seized Ship, and the gigantic overgrown Commonwealth of an enslaved State. But I never aspired to the nicer powers of discrimination.

Such covenants are not only void in themselves, but voidable by the laws of Nature and Religion, as well as by the positive Institutions of every country. Magistracy of any sort is not without limitation. No man, on the one hand, has a right to receive what ought not to be conferred; on the other, no one has a right to exact what ought not to be performed. This is so true, that I question whether there be a constitution in either hemisphere, that would hesitate to acknowledge the doctrine, as its fundamental principle. A truly great and virtuous mind despises dominion. Its only wish is to diffuse and impart universal happiness. It prefers the Liberty to the Empire of the World. Efforts to rescue a numerous nation from its own devouring fury, are all laudable and praiseworthy. Not to extinguish a firebrand in the hand of an Incendiary, is to be guilty of Arson. Cramped and grovelling spirits are apt to behold things through the mirror of prejudice. It becomes the duty, therefore, of those who, from exalted stations, are capable of taking more prospective views, to disperse mists and vapour from before the eyes of ignorance, and infatuation. The multitude seldom takes the trouble to reflect. By far the greater part, perhaps, is incapable of judging. Some there are who dare not venture out of the vulgar path; but, locked up in received notions, remain in darkness and error, through life. Others, again, like wayward children, from a fickleness and curiosity which powerfully operate on weak illiterate minds, are induced to seek novelty and change, even to their own injury. When a People submits itself to the prudence and management of an individual, to such subjection is always annexed a *tacit* condition, that he is to act for the general welfare, by the impulse, that is, the *unwritten* dictates of wisdom and discretion. It is no excuse for such a one, who takes a measure militating against the common interest, that it was adopted at intercession. As well might the nurse pretend to justify her carelessness in suffering an infant to spring from her arms, and cripple itself by the fall: or a physician allow

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the administration of inflaming liquours to his patient, in the paroxysm of delirium—Because, forsooth, the one, under the influence of a disordered imagination, should importunately cry out for them; or the other, in its little sportive innocence, might chance to make a salient effort.—When it appears evident to our Rulers, that our passions run counter to our safety, to indulge the former at the expence of the latter, is criminal.

Were it possible to collect individually the sense of the nation, the minority would prove the advocates for the present new-fangled system. The greatest tumult does not always betoken the genuine sentiments of a People. Noise and vociferation are as often substituted as mistaken for public opinion; and are not unfrequently had recourse to, in support of an infirm cause. In proportion to the violence of the one, you may fairly reckon on the weakness of the other. At an election, the losing candidate is the most clamorous and turbulent. The enthusiastic shouts of "VIVE LA REPUBLIQUE!" which so lately echoed and resounded through France, may be compared to the cant phrase of "NO POPERY!" that for a while disturbed and annoyed England. With the *mobility* of Paris I take it to have been as perfectly a matter of indifference, whether the form of Government should be Monarchical or Republican; as I conceive it was an object of unconcern with the *rabble* of London, whether the Church of England should be under the dominion of the Protestant or Catholic Faith. Disorder, rapine, and confusion, were the sole motives of both.—"DOWN WITH TYRANTS!"—"NO BASTILE"—or any other popular outcry, is a mere pretext with the demagogues of faction, for the commencement of their riots, conflagrations, and excesses. However, as it is not my intention to go at any depth into this inquiry, I shall conclude with a hint, which, if properly taken, will be received rather cautionary than otherwise. Let it be remembered that Cæsar, who was a Tyrant, an Usurper, a lawless Intruder; was likewise a General, a Conqueror, a Consul: but that his person was not held inviolable even in the Senate.

Ill-founded, should I consider my claims to notice, were I to attempt their introduction through a base medium. To prophesy is not to approve. It frequently happens, that we deprecate the event, while we foretel the danger. In denouncing imprecations on the head of sanguinary sacrilegious Regicide, it does not, therefore, follow, that I am to direct the avenging tyrannical arm of the assassin. This would be to convert the abomination of a heavier crime, into the incitement of a less.

ADDRESS

Of LIEUT. COLONEL FENWICK *to the Durham Volunteer Regiment of Infantry, on presenting their Colours, November 6th,* 1803.

IT has been usual for the Commanding Officers of Volunteer Corps to address them on their receiving the colours; and I comply the more readily with the custom, because it affords me an opportunity of calling your attention to some very important points. I shall not detail to you the situation of our country; you know that the enemy's shores are covered by troops which are destined to invade us; that their ports are filled with preparations for conveying them; and that, on the first

first opportunity of escaping from the superior skill and courage of the British navy, they will probably push for our coasts. Under these circumstances, surely every man, who values his own interest and safety; every man, who values what ought to be infinitely more dear to him, the honour and independence of his country, will learn the use of arms.

Courage alone cannot enable you to defend your country; it must be rendered effective by discipline. A competent precision in marching, is necessary to enable you to act together; without it no formation can be just; nor can any movement be made without confusion. Correctness in this point is more especially requisite in the non-commissioned officers; by them the march of the battalion is often regulated, and, by the accuracy of their step, the precision of its manœuvres is, in many instances determined. It is their duty, therefore, to pay the strictest attention to this, the ground work of military discipline. Dexterity in handling your arms is equally necessary; such a dexterity, as will enable you, in all situations, to charge with firmness, and to fire with precision. Where this is wanting; where a charge is feebly, or irregularly made; where fire is given with hurry and confusion; where the trigger is drawn before the muzzle has acquired a proper direction, fire-arms are ineffectual for any purpose of attack or defence. They are, on the contrary, the most formidable weapons which soldiers can handle, when a well-reserved fire is steadily delivered from a well-levelled line of musquetry, and followed up by a vigorous charge. It is not sufficient that you should be able to fire a close volley, and to load and fire quick, these things are desireable; but the first, the essential point, is to load correctly, and to level well.

You, Gentlemen, who hold commissions in corps, you, in particular, who command its companies, should exercise yourselves to judge with accuracy of distances, and to march correctly on a given point; if you fail in this, the battalion cannot preserve the order which is necessary to its ready formation. You will also make yourselves thoroughly masters of the manœuvres which are ordered; and finally, from you, I trust, the corps will receive an example of that strict attention to duty, that ready obedience when under arms, without which, it will become merely a nominal force. On my own part, I pledge myself to neglect no opportunity of acquiring the knowledge necessary to fit me for my station; though I reflect, with infinite pleasure, that, if called into action, we shall be led on by abler and more experienced men.

I am aware, Gentlemen, that your attendance on duty must be productive of inconvenience and loss to many of you; but I will not do you the injustice to think that you are not ready to make the sacrifice to your country. We may regret the necessities of the times; we may lament the return of war, after so short a respite; but, with the sense of its evils, it becomes us to combine the resolution to encounter and overcome them. Let us act up to the proud pre-eminence of our country! Let us consider, that whilst the rest of Europe lies prostrate at the feet of France, or watches, in silent dread, the progress of her ambition, Great Britain alone has dared to oppose her; and, in defending her own independence, has become the protectress of the independence of Europe! Finally, let

let us contrast, with honest pride, the situation of this country, with that of the first military power on the continent, when attacked by the same enemy. When the Austrian monarch called upon his people for assistance, they neglected his call; they had been held as nothing by their government, and they deserted their government in the hour of danger. The consequence was, the humiliation of the Sovereign, the dismemberment of his empire, and the ruin of the people. How different has hitherto been the fate and conduct of Britons! Possessing a constitution the noblest effort of political wisdom, on the first signal of danger, the whole nation rallied round the throne of a beloved Sovereign! The difficulty here was, not to procure defenders, but to prevent the whole population from rushing to arms, and abandoning (perhaps to a dangerous extent) the pursuits of industry. This pre-eminence in patriotism, (the first virtue of nations!) is a just ground for national exultation; it places our independence beyond the reach of human power, without infringing the independence or impairing the prosperity of other countries. Let us even hope that it may ultimately conduce to their happiness, and that the governments, which have hitherto relied on extensive prerogative and numerous armies, may learn in what the strength of nations really consists; and be led, by the spirit and loyalty of a free people, to adopt the principles and do justice to the generous energies of freedom.

You are worthy, I am confident, of ranking among the defenders of a country thus honourably distinguished; you love your King, and will defend his throne with fidelity; you revere the just laws and wise institutions of your forefathers, nor will you permit them to be overturned. As Englishmen, you will not tamely see this island reduced to a province of France; as men, your spirit revolts at the idea of a foreign master; nor will you withhold your protection from those who cannot defend themselves,—from old age and infancy, and from that sex which, while it forms the brightest ornament of society, is our best solace under the evils of life. Accept, then, these colours; which, a few years since, were delivered to a corps, of which many of you were members; I give them, with singular pleasure, in the presence of the truly honourable and respected patroness who then presented them. The corps, who first received them, was distinguished by orderly conduct, by its attention to, and proficiency in discipline; maintain you the same honourable distinction. May these colours be to you a bond of union; whenever they are displayed, may they remind you of the sacred duties you have to perform; and, if ever you carry them into the presence of an enemy, remember that all that is dear to a man of honour is attached to their defence. Defend them then with unconquerable spirit, and may it be your lot to defend them with success!

AN ADDRESS

Delivered to the Christchurch Volunteers, by the Rev. S. CLAPHAM, *Vicar of Christchurch, and Chaplain to the Corps.*

"I should not do justice to my own feelings, if I did not embrace the earliest opportunity which presented itself to me, of expressing the sense I entertain of that relation, which, through your flattering partiality, I have the honour to bear to a Corps so respectable for its decorum, and so distinguished by its attention. These standards

ards under which we are assembled, previously consecrated by my worthy* predecessor, whose virtues and whose eloquence will never be effaced from your mind, are again this day presented to you And as the oath of allegiance, or fidelity to the King, is to be now severally administered to you, I shall not, I am persuaded, be considered as encroaching upon your time, by shortly stating the propriety of the measure.

"It was formerly the custom, the state of society requiring it, for every person, the clergy excepted, at the age of twelve years, to take the oath of allegiance, that is to swear to be faithful to the King on the throne. But as the times became more settled, and society more improved, such an oath was considered unnecessary; and accordingly it is now only taken upon particular occasions; as upon men's becoming members of the legislature, and magistrates; upon their accepting any office, and acting in any department of trust, where the honour and interest of the King, and the welfare of the country are at stake. To call God to witness that you are, and will be faithful to your Sovereign, which is the meaning of an oath, must, I conceive, be a source of satisfaction to every one of you. If a matter of great importance has been entrusted to me, I naturally wish that the person who confides in me should have every possible assurance of my fidelity; especially when I consider, that he commits to a reliance on my intregrity, what he esteems of the greatest value. When you, therefore, reflect, that to you is entrusted the defence of your country, you must naturally be anxious to approve yourselves worthy of the trust reposed in you, and that *the country* should, in return, have the solemn pledge of an oath, that you will bear true allegiance to your King; which implies, that you will be, in the strictest sense, the defenders of your country.

The reason of the oath of allegiance being administered, the occasion of your being now re-embodied, of having those standards again committed to your care, is to preserve us all from one common ruin. And if ruin awaits us, the high and the low will suffer alike. He that has much, and he that has little to lose, will equally be the objects of pity.

Should any one be so unacquainted with the situation of the lower classes of men, as to suppose they cannot be much worse than they are—such a one must be a stranger to the many enviable comforts they possess. When the labourer returns from his work he is received with delight by his beloved family; and the remainder of the evening being his own, is employed partly in providing those conveniences, which conduce to his welfare, and partly in that innocent and interesting conversation, which wealth, splendor and learning might often envy. But what will be his situation, if the enemy after invading, should subdue us? The mechanic and the labourer who are strong and healthy, will be dragged from their families into a foreign land; whose language they can neither speak nor understand, to enslave a nation innocent as themselves, whom they had never seen, and of whom, perhaps, they had never heard before. The aged and the infirm will alone be permitted to continue in this country, and upon them burdens will be laid far beyond their strength and their years to bear. Should the enemy accomplish his infernal purpose,

* The Rev. Mr. Jackson, late Vicar of Christchurch.

there

there is not a field, a street, a shop, a cottage, which will not record our misery. Against such an enemy, and to prevent such effects, every heart will, I doubt not, be inspired with courage, and every arm braced with vigour. Should you be called out, you will remember that you are Englishmen—should an engagement take place, you will bear in mind, that if you do not conquer, you have no home to which you can return.

As it may not, perhaps, be thought expedient, that I should accompany you into the field, you will not, I trust, think so meanly of me as to imagine, that I am with-held by the dread of danger, or the want of courage. The dread of danger, on such an occasion no *man* can feel; and with the want of courage, even the coward, when the enemy is on our shores, will not give cause for reproach. At that juncture, the clergy, we piously hope, may be more usefully employed in the discharge of their sacred profession: Then will be the time, when, in the language of the prophet, the priests, the ministers of the Lord, are to weep between the porch and the altar; and to say, "Spare thy people, O Lord, and give not thine heritage to reproach, that the enemy should rule over them." When the drum shall beat to arms, and the trumpet shall sound to battle—when you shall see your enemy preparing for your destruction—then imagine, that you hear your wives and your children animating you for their sakes, to rouze your courage and exert your valour—then imagine your hear them crying, that, unless you conquer, they are doomed to perpetual slavery, and hopeless wretchedness. When that moment arrives, may the God of hosts go with you! may he be your shield and your buckler, both on your right hand, and on your left! Ye will, I doubt not, through God's good providence, be glorious conquerors—ye will return, I trust, with satisfaction and with triumph to the embraces of your family: and who will not envy your feeling, when you shall tell your children that are yet unborn, and your children's children, how bravely you fought, and how nobly you conquered? you will not envy your feelings, when your head shall be white with age, and your back bowed down with infirmity, you can each of you make this triumphant boast, 'I am the defender and the protector of my King and of my Country!'

ANECDOTE
OF
GENERAL MASSENA.

IN the summer of 1800, when, after the battle of Marengo, MASSENA was appointed the commander in chief in Italy, his plunder and extortions caused a number of complaints; and, after a command of only four weeks, BONAPARTE recalled him to give an account of his conduct. At his arrival in Paris he was publicly, and in the presence of all the Generals, reprimanded by the FIRST CONSUL.—When the FIRST CONSUL had finished, MASSENA told him, with a very submissive air, "*Je suis un voleur*—*I* am a robber;" and, fixing him, he said, "*Tu est un voleur*—*Thou* art a robber." Looking next at General MURAT, he continued, "*Il est un voleur*—*He* is a robber." Then regarding the whole circle of Generals, he cried, "*Nous sommes des voleurs*—*We* are robbers." Bowing to them all, he added, "*Vous etez des voleurs*—*Ye* are robbers." Then retiring, and turning his back, he exclaimed, "*Oui*, CITOYEN CONSUL, *ils sont des voleurs*—*They* are robbers."—*Des Republicans Francois tel est le caractere!* [*Traveller*.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE SOLDIER'S SECOND DREAM.

THE Sun brightly shone and serene was the sky,
My Comrades with chearful alacrity rose,
But each pleasing object I view'd with a sigh,
And the pleasures of others augmented my woes.

In gloomy dejection I pass the long hours,
So hard seem'd my duties, so chearless my rest,
With anguish I thought on my dear native bowers,
And the friends that in sleep my fond bosom had blest.

And at night as I sank on my pallet again,
"Return" I exclaim'd "thou dear dream of delight,
Through the comfortless day I lament me in vain,
Return thou sweet vision and soothe me at night."

I slept—and in fancy once more I was borne
To the scenes where my childhood so pleasantly past,
The fields of my father wav'd yellow with corn,
And his white little cottage receiv'd me at last.

As I lifted the latch how my heart briskly beat,
Yet my blood soon run cold at the scene there display'd—
My hoary-hair'd Father lay dead at my feet,
And the stones with the blood of my children were ray'd.

My Wife—I beheld her distracted with grief,
And wild were her eyes, and dishevell'd her hair;
No tear kindly streaming afforded relief,
But she hail'd my approach with a cry of despair.

"Behold" she exclaim'd "what thy folly has done,
Behold of thy weakness the horrible end,
Thy Father in dying call'd out for his Son,
That Son would no longer his Father defend.

To save us, the sword you once gallantly drew,
And among our Defenders your name was enroll'd,
You swore to your King you would ever be true,
You swore in so noble a cause to be bold.

But false was the vow!—for desponding, deprest,
By the hardships of war, from your duty you fled,
And while from those hardships you sought to find rest,
The foe has prevail'd and your Children are dead."

"Deserter! Betrayer!"—no more could she say,
For the morn o'er the mountains beginning to beam,
The sad scene of horror soon faded away,
And with joy I perceiv'd it was only a dream.

To my duties I rose, and despondency check'd,
And whenever I thought of my dear one's afar,
I cried, "Those I love I must toil to protect,
And Peace must be bought by the hardships of War."

A. Z.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE TYRANT.

The time——*from dawn to dawn.*

"I hear the fleet Eumenides retire;
And close behind them, the far-thundering doors
Of Erebus."

FORBEAR,—and follow me! Yon embers glow
Where, gorgeous lies your boast, in mental woe.
The glimmering tapers flash a twinkling light,
His haggard eyes confess a restless night.
Attend! then say what admiration's due,
When power exists with horrors ever new!
Observe!—from off his couch he wildly starts;
He speaks! Ah hear what miseries he imparts!

"Who waits? Again enchearing day is risen;
From thorns I rise, to quit Ambition's prison,
Unfurl my standard,—raise the clang of war—
Oh from me drive dire midnight horrors far!
Arise!—who waits? Ye, peaceful, slumber all;
On me alone the cries of vengeance call.
Let me on horse!—now tardy morn appears;
Thou, bustling day! assuage my deathless fears!
Arise! ye minions of my fatal power;
Ye feel few torments in the midnight-hour.
Let me, amid the storms of war, revive;
Let day's proud visions with night-horrors strive.
Ambition's mine! No social ties I feel;
This heart approves whate'er this head shall seal.
Ne'er storm'd by love, ne'er mov'd by friendship's glow,
I dauntless wade in blood and brave each foe.

Oh,

—Oh, that yon sun would never sink in gloom!
That sleep were needless till we fill the tomb!
No *dread-unknown* pervades the dark profound,
To bid, for me, the awakening trumpet sound!
Let me but sway reluctant hosts of men,
Till endless slumber sinks me from their ken!
—Oh that the night were not! But 'tis decreed,
By day alone from horrors I am free'd.
Away!—yet hark!—what distant murmurs float!
Has tumult rais'd, at length, her dreaded note?—
—On me their vengeance!—hark!—again I live—
That march is mine!—still mine what victories give!
Enkindling strains!—now wonted ardours burn;
Thus felt I, on *Marengo's* awful morn!"

Thus speaking, straight to martial scenes he fled;
To shun the horrors of a tyrant's bed!
On his approach, what rouzing sounds arise!
From rattling arms, reflected light'ning flies!
—Hear, hear! what shouts of hollow joy they raise!
The wily tyrant dreads the impoison'd praise.
With clouded visage wan, lo! how he smiles!
How darkly glances on his lengthen'd files!
But, soon shall eve her shadowy mantle spread;
Soon in repose, shall rest the neighing steed:
Silence shall be, on war's parade, impos'd;
And the day's bustle be by darkness clos'd:—
Save on his guards, thick station'd round his dome,
Where the fell tyrant, living fills his tomb:—
Such may the dagger of the injur'd ward;
But, what from conscience, can their patron guard

Now warrior-slaves the supper-board surround;
In crime scarce lighter than their leader found.
Un-notic'd they, his guarded startings, mark;
While inward horrors writhe his aspect dark.

Lo! now he rises, from the feast, unfed,
To seek his safety by a change of bed!

Alas! the meed of ruthless deeds is thine;
Ne'er be thy sceptre with its horrors mine!

Now all is hush,—bright midnight tapers burn;
He sinks on down,—by care and sorrow worn—
But not to sleep!—for, when the centry cries
The "*all-is-well*,"—his heart within him dies:
Alarm'd, he hears the voice of safety say—
Thou, from without, hast nought to fear till day!

the administration of inflaming liquours to his patient, in the paroxysm of delirium—Because, forsooth, the one, under the influence of a disordered imagination, should importunately cry out for them; or the other, in its little sportive innocence, might chance to make a salient effort.—When it appears evident to our Rulers, that our passions run counter to our safety, to indulge the former at the expence of the latter, is criminal.

Were it possible to collect individually the sense of the nation, the minority would prove the advocates for the present new-fangled system. The greatest tumult does not always betoken the genuine sentiments of a People. Noise and vociferation are as often substituted as mistaken for public opinion; and are not unfrequently had recourse to, in support of an infirm cause. In proportion to the violence of the one, you may fairly reckon on the weakness of the other. At an election, the losing candidate is the most clamorous and turbulent. The enthusiastic shouts of "VIVE LA REPUBLIQUE!" which so lately echoed and resounded through France, may be compared to the cant phrase of "NO POPERY!" that for a while disturbed and annoyed England. With the *mobility* of Paris I take it to have been as perfectly a matter of indifference, whether the form of Government should be Monarchical or Republican; as I conceive it was an object of unconcern with the *rabble* of London, whether the Church of England should be under the dominion of the Protestant or Catholic Faith. Disorder, rapine, and confusion, were the sole motives of both.—"DOWN WITH TYRANTS!"—"NO BASTILE"—or any other popular outcry, is a mere pretext with the demagogues of faction, for the commencement of their riots, conflagrations, and excesses. However, as it is not my intention to go at any depth into this inquiry, I shall conclude with a hint, which, if properly taken, will be received rather cautionary than otherwise. Let it be remembered that Cæsar, who was a Tyrant, an Usurper, a lawless Intruder; was likewise a General, a Conqueror, a Consul: but that his person was not held inviolable even in the Senate.

Ill-founded, should I consider my claims to notice, were I to attempt their introduction through a base medium. To prophesy is not to approve. It frequently happens, that we deprecate the event, while we foretel the danger. In denouncing imprecations on the head of sanguinary sacrilegious Regicide, it does not, therefore, follow, that I am to direct the avenging tyrannical arm of the assassin. This would be to convert the abomination of a heavier crime, into the incitement of a less.

ADDRESS

Of LIEUT. COLONEL FENWICK *to the Durham Volunteer Regiment of Infantry, on presenting their Colours, November 6th,* 1803.

IT has been usual for the Commanding Officers of Volunteer Corps to address them on their receiving the colours; and I comply the more readily with the custom, because it affords me an opportunity of calling your attention to some very important points. I shall not detail to you the situation of our country; you know that the enemy's shores are covered by troops which are destined to invade us; that their ports are filled with preparations for conveying them; and that, on the first

first opportunity of escaping from the superior skill and courage of the British navy, they will probably push for our coasts. Under these circumstances, surely every man, who values his own interest and safety; every man, who values what ought to be infinitely more dear to him, the honour and independence of his country, will learn the use of arms.

Courage alone cannot enable you to defend your country; it must be rendered effective by discipline. A competent precision in marching, is necessary to enable you to act together; without it no formation can be just; nor can any movement be made without confusion. Correctness in this point is more especially requisite in the non-commissioned officers; by them the march of the battalion is often regulated, and, by the accuracy of their step, the precision of its manœuvres is, in many instances determined. It is their duty, therefore, to pay the strictest attention to this, the ground work of military discipline. Dexterity in handling your arms is equally necessary; such a dexterity, as will enable you, in all situations, to charge with firmness, and to fire with precision. Where this is wanting; where a charge is feebly, or irregularly made; where fire is given with hurry and confusion; where the trigger is drawn before the muzzle has acquired a proper direction, fire-arms are ineffectual for any purpose of attack or defence. They are, on the contrary, the most formidable weapons which soldiers can handle, when a well-reserved fire is steadily delivered from a well-levelled line of musquetry, and followed up by a vigorous charge. It is not sufficient that you should be able to fire a close volley, and to load and fire quick, these things are desireable; but the first, the essential point, is to load correctly, and to level well.

You, Gentlemen, who hold commissions in corps, you, in particular, who command its companies, should exercise yourselves to judge with accuracy of distances, and to march correctly on a given point; if you fail in this, the battalion cannot preserve the order which is necessary to its ready formation. You will also make yourselves thoroughly masters of the manœuvres which are ordered; and finally, from you, I trust, the corps will receive an example of that strict attention to duty, that ready obedience when under arms, without which, it will become merely a nominal force. On my own part, I pledge myself to neglect no opportunity of acquiring the knowledge necessary to fit me for my station; though I reflect, with infinite pleasure, that, if called into action, we shall be led on by abler and more experienced men.

I am aware, Gentlemen, that your attendance on duty must be productive of inconvenience and loss to many of you; but I will not do you the injustice to think that you are not ready to make the sacrifice to your country. We may regret the necessities of the times; we may lament the return of war, after so short a respite; but, with the sense of its evils, it becomes us to combine the resolution to encounter and overcome them. Let us act up to the proud pre-eminence of our country! Let us consider, that whilst the rest of Europe lies prostrate at the feet of France, or watches, in silent dread, the progress of her ambition, Great Britain alone has dared to oppose her; and, in defending her own independence, has become the protectress of the independence of Europe! Finally, let

let us contrast, with honest pride, the situation of this country, with that of the first military power on the continent, when attacked by the same enemy. When the Austrian monarch called upon his people for assistance, they neglected his call; they had been held as nothing by their government, and they deserted their government in the hour of danger. The consequence was, the humiliation of the Sovereign, the dismemberment of his empire, and the ruin of the people. How different has hitherto been the fate and conduct of Britons! Possessing a constitution the noblest effort of political wisdom, on the first signal of danger, the whole nation rallied round the throne of a beloved Sovereign! The difficulty here was, not to procure defenders, but to prevent the whole population from rushing to arms, and abandoning (perhaps to a dangerous extent) the pursuits of industry. This pre-eminence in patriotism, (the first virtue of nations!) is a just ground for national exultation; it places our independence beyond the reach of human power, without infringing the independence or impairing the prosperity of other countries. Let us even hope that it may ultimately conduce to their happiness, and that the governments, which have hitherto relied on extensive prerogative and numerous armies, may learn in what the strength of nations really consists; and be led, by the spirit and loyalty of a free people, to adopt the principles and do justice to the generous energies of freedom.

You are worthy, I am confident, of ranking among the defenders of a country thus honourably distinguished; you love your King, and will defend his throne with fidelity; you revere the just laws and wise institutions of your forefathers, nor will you permit them to be overturned. As Englishmen, you will not tamely see this island reduced to a province of France; as men, your spirit revolts at the idea of a foreign master; nor will you withhold your protection from those who cannot defend themselves,—from old age and infancy, and from that sex which, while it forms the brightest ornament of society, is our best solace under the evils of life. Accept, then, these colours; which, a few years since, were delivered to a corps, of which many of you were members; I give them, with singular pleasure, in the presence of the truly honourable and respected patroness who then presented them. The corps, who first received them, was distinguished by orderly conduct, by its attention to, and proficiency in discipline; maintain you the same honourable distinction. May these colours be to you a bond of union; whenever they are displayed, may they remind you of the sacred duties you have to perform; and, if ever you carry them into the presence of an enemy, remember that all that is dear to a man of honour is attached to their defence. Defend them then with unconquerable spirit, and may it be your lot to defend them with success!

AN ADDRESS

Delivered to the Christchurch Volunteers, by the Rev. S. CLAPHAM, *Vicar of Christchurch, and Chaplain to the Corps.*

"I should not do justice to my own feelings, if I did not embrace the earliest opportunity which presented itself to me, of expressing the sense I entertain of that relation, which, through your flattering partiality, I have the honour to bear to a Corps so respectable for its decorum, and so distinguished by its attention. These standards

ards under which we are assembled, previously consecrated by my worthy* predecessor, whose virtues and whose eloquence will never be effaced from your mind, are again this day presented to you And as the oath of allegiance, or fidelity to the King, is to be now severally administered to you, I shall not, I am persuaded, be considered as encroaching upon your time, by shortly stating the propriety of the measure.

"It was formerly the custom, the state of society requiring it, for every person, the clergy excepted, at the age of twelve years, to take the oath of allegiance, that is to swear to be faithful to the King on the throne. But as the times became more settled, and society more improved, such an oath was considered unnecessary; and accordingly it is now only taken upon particular occasions; as upon men's becoming members of the legislature, and magistrates; upon their accepting any office, and acting in any department of trust, where the honour and interest of the King, and the welfare of the country are at stake. To call God to witness that you are, and will be faithful to your Sovereign, which is the meaning of an oath, must, I conceive, be a source of satisfaction to every one of you. If a matter of great importance has been entrusted to me, I naturally wish that the person who confides in me should have every possible assurance of my fidelity; especially when I consider, that he commits to a reliance on my intregrity, what he esteems of the greatest value. When you, therefore, reflect, that to you is entrusted the defence of your country, you must naturally be anxious to approve yourselves worthy of the trust reposed in you, and that *the country* should, in return, have the solemn pledge of an oath, that you will bear true allegiance to your King; which implies, that you will be, in the strictest sense, the defenders of your country.

The reason of the oath of allegiance being administered, the occasion of your being now re-embodied, of having those standards again committed to your care, is to preserve us all from one common ruin. And if ruin awaits us, the high and the low will suffer alike. He that has much, and he that has little to lose, will equally be the objects of pity.

Should any one be so unacquainted with the situation of the lower classes of men, as to suppose they cannot be much worse than they are—such a one must be a stranger to the many enviable comforts they possess. When the labourer returns from his work he is received with delight by his beloved family; and the remainder of the evening being his own, is employed partly in providing those conveniences, which conduce to his welfare, and partly in that innocent and interesting conversation, which wealth, splendor and learning might often envy. But what will be his situation, if the enemy after invading, should subdue us? The mechanic and the labourer who are strong and healthy, will be dragged from their families into a foreign land, whose language they can neither speak nor understand, to enslave a nation innocent as themselves, whom they had never seen, and of whom, perhaps, they had never heard before. The aged and the infirm will alone be permitted to continue in this country, and upon them burdens will be laid far beyond their strength and their years to bear. Should the enemy accomplish his infernal purpose,

*The Rev. Mr. Jackson, late Vicar of Christchurch.

there

there is not a field, a street, a shop, a cottage, which will not record our misery. Against such an enemy, and to prevent such effects, every heart will, I doubt not, be inspired with courage, and every arm braced with vigour. Should you be called out, you will remember that you are Englishmen—should an engagement take place, you will bear in mind, that if you do not conquer, you have no home to which you can return.

As it may not, perhaps, be thought expedient, that I should accompany you into the field, you will not, I trust, think so meanly of me as to imagine, that I am with-held by the dread of danger, or the want of courage. The dread of danger, on such an occasion no *man* can feel; and with the want of courage, even the coward, when the enemy is on our shores, will not give cause for reproach. At that juncture, the clergy, we piously hope, may be more usefully employed in the discharge of their sacred profession: 'Then will be the time, when, in the language of the prophet, the priests, the ministers of the Lord, are to weep between the porch and the altar; and to say, "Spare thy people, O Lord, and give not thine heritage to reproach, that the enemy should rule over them." When the drum shall beat to arms, and the trumpet shall sound to battle—when you shall see your enemy preparing for your destruction—then imagine, that you hear your wives and your children animating you for their sakes, to rouze your courage and exert your valour—then imagine your hear them crying, that, unless you conquer, they are doomed to perpetual slavery, and hopeless wretchedness. When that moment arrives, may the God of hosts go with you! may he be your shield and your buckler, both on your right hand, and on your left! Ye will, I doubt not, through God's good providence, be glorious conquerors—ye will return, I trust, with satisfaction and with triumph to the embraces of your family: and who will not envy your feeling, when you shall tell your children that are yet unborn, and your children's children, how bravely you fought, and how nobly you conquered? you will not envy your feelings, when your head shall be white with age, and your back bowed down with infirmity, you can each of you make this triumphant boast, 'I am the defender and the protector of my King and of my Country?'

ANECDOTE
OF
GENERAL MASSENA.

IN the summer of 1800, when, after the battle of Marengo, MASSENA was appointed the commander in chief in Italy, his plunder and extortions caused a number of complaints; and, after a command of only four weeks, BONAPARTE recalled him to give an account of his conduct. At his arrival in Paris he was publicly, and in the presence of all the Generals, reprimanded by the FIRST CONSUL.—When the FIRST CONSUL had finished, MASSENA told him, with a very submissive air, "*Je suis un voleur*—*I* am a robber;" and, fixing him, he said, "*Tu est un voleur*—*Thou* art a robber." Looking next at General MURAT, he continued, "*Il est un voleur*—*He* is a robber." Then regarding the whole circle of Generals, he cried, "*Nous sommes des voleurs*—*We* are robbers." Bowing to them all, he added, "*Vous etez des voleurs*—*Ye* are robbers," Then retiring, and turning his back, he exclaimed, "*Oui*, CITOYEN CONSUL, *ils sont des voleurs*—*They* are robbers."—*Des Republicans Francois tel est le caractere!* [*Traveller.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE SOLDIER'S SECOND DREAM.

THE Sun brightly shone and serene was the sky,
My Comrades with chearful alactity rose,
But each pleasing object I view'd with a sigh,
And the pleasures of others augmented my woes.

In gloomy dejection I pass the long hours,
So hard seem'd my duties, so chearless my rest,
With anguish I thought on my dear native bowers,
And the friends that in sleep my fond bosom had blest.

And at night as I sank on my pallet again,
"Return" I exclaim'd "thou dear dream of delight,
Through the comfortless day I lament me in vain,
Return thou sweet vision and soothe me at night."

I slept—and in fancy once more I was borne
To the scenes where my childhood so pleasantly past,
The fields of my father wav'd yellow with corn,
And his white little cottage receiv'd me at last.

As I lifted the latch how my heart briskly beat,
Yet my blood soon run cold at the scene there display'd—
My hoary-hair'd Father lay dead at my feet,
And the stones with the blood of my children were ray'd.

My Wife—I beheld her distracted with grief,
And wild were her eyes, and dishevell'd her hair;
No tear kindly streaming afforded relief,
But she hail'd my approach with a cry of despair.

"Behold" she exclaim'd "what thy folly has done,
Behold of thy weakness the horrible end,
Thy Father in dying call'd out for his Son,
That Son would no longer his Father defend.

To save us, the sword you once gallantly drew,
And among our Defenders your name was enroll'd,
You swore to your King you would ever be true,
You swore in so noble a cause to be bold.

But false was the vow!—for desponding, deprest,
By the hardships of war, from your duty you fled,
And while from those hardships you sought to find rest,
The foe has prevail'd and your Children are dead."

"Deserter! Betrayer!"—no more could she say,
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The sad scene of horror soon faded away,
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To my duties I rose, and despondency check'd,
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The time——*from dawn to dawn*

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And close behind them, the far-thundering doors
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Observe!—from off his couch he wildly starts;
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Ye feel few torments in the midnight-hour.
Let me, amid the storms of war, revive;
Let day's proud visions with night-horrors strive.
Ambition's mine! No social ties I feel;
This heart approves whate'er this head shall seal.
Ne'er storm'd by love, ne'er mov'd by friendship's glow,
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—Oh, that yon sun would never sink in gloom!
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But, soon shall eve her shadowy mantle spread;
Soon in repose, shall rest the neighing steed:
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And the day's bustle be by darkness clos'd:—
Save on his guards, thick station'd round his dome.
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He sinks on down,—by care and sorrow worn—
But not to sleep!—for, when the centry cries
The "*all-is-well*,"—his heart within him dies:
Alarm'd, he hears the voice of safety say—
Thou, from without, hast nought to fear till day!

But, ah! within what rankling troubles live?
Dire fear,—remorse; all matchless guilt can give.
—His quivering limbs relax!—an hideous calm!
Now forms aërial mock his grasping palm:—
Seen by the muse,—a dire assemblage stands!—
What numbers from Italia's classic lands!—
What numbers from Peruvia's mines of gold,
Whom, seis'd in battle, the base warrior sold!—
—More dreadly mov'd!—ah! mark his straining eyes
Turn wildly where Egyptian horrors rise!
Tremendous group! from Alexandria sped;
Enclos'd, he shakes amid the gory dead!
He said,—"strike awe,"—"no mercy let us bear,"—
Uprose the screams of vengeance and despair!
Maiden and matron; babe and feeble age
Fell undistinguish'd by his mortal rage.
Remorseless man! those deeds now wring thy soul,
As round thy couch the torturing spirits scowl!

Slow passing, see the gaunt Arabians slain
Amid their wastes, where heat and silence reign.
Though plunderers bred, a greater plunderer march'd,
To spoil and murder, through their desarts parch'd,
Desaix, at the stern tyrant's bidding, mov'd;
His deeds, more hideous than Arabian, prov'd.
Now, what those horrors yield him in the grave,
His leader, living, seeks, in vain, to brave!

On Carmel's plains, by briny surges lav'd,
Where once the embattl'd Christians' banners wav'd;
Where erst, the mantled Seër's footsteps fell;
Where oft, were heard, prophetic numbers, swell:—
On those lov'd plains, to taste and virtue dear,
The dire invader's atheist hosts appear;
When he had Gaza pass'd, elate in blood,
He march'd to redden Kison's murmuring flood,
Before him sweeping desolation hies;
Flames flashing shoot athwart Canaän skies.
On his approach, in thunders heard afar,
Fam'd Joppa fell in the unequall'd war.
Foul treachery stamp'd her crouch'd defenders' fate;
Their ghosts vindictive round the tyrant wait;
Each gaping wound for lasting vengeance calls;
Of Moslems murder'd fast by Joppa's walls!—
Thou, gentle Kleber; strov'st in vain to save;
And, from thy Chief, in Egypt, gain'st a grave!

His

His treacherous eye glar'd with malignant joy,
When Bonn's, reluctant, yielded to destroy.
With horror pale, the shuddering troops obey'd;
Their eyes were sightless while their thunders play'd.
Captives on captives strew'd, unburied lay!
The winds were tainted on their viewless way.
Avenging rode cadaverous pest elate;
And smote the monster's host for Jaffa's fate!

——We came to mark the recompense of guilt,
Remorseless deeds, blood innocently spilt;
Yet, let him, in contortions writhing lie;
From him the muse averts her weary eye;
Till other bands of pallid spectres rise,
O'er whose blanch'd bones are spread *Samaria's* skies:
——Till they appear, to dauntless *Acre* turn;
How glorious,—great th' invader's dreadful bourne!
Where SMITH immortal propp'd old DGEZZAR's sway;
His British hand to Moslems led the way:
Reviv'd his country's fame on sacred ground;—
Hear from yon heights what acclamations sound!
In sulphurous clouds the blasting light'nings glance,
From Acre's heroes and from madden'd France.
What peals on peals! The storming columns fall;
The dead and dying form a breathing wall;
Inlock'd the blood-stain'd hostile banners hang;
With rushing clash the reeking bayonets clang.
'Mid blasts volcanic toil the weary brave;
And, grumbling thunders creep on Jordan's wave;—
Ere Kleber quits the ford, toward Nazareth bound,
Mount Tabor shakes around the rumbling sound.
The baffled atheist fumes, where Richard stood;
Nor heeds the reeking pools of Gallic blood.—
——"Rush o'er the dying,—mount, by heaps of slain,
Once more—French grenadiers!"—He cries in vain.
Wide yawns the deadly breach,—the stormers gaze;
Refuse to mount and win his hollow praise.
Great Smith! who in the guilty temple pin'd,
When Italy felt yon scourge of human kind;
Immortal Smith! redoubling vengeance hurl'd;
And, drove the tyrant back with banners furl'd.
——See ye yon lambent flame? Hear ye no sound?
The hour is come!— now keener tortures wound!
He shrouds his eyes!— the grisly bands advance,
Who fought, who suffer'd for thy tyrant, France!
At eve, his sick and wounded mates regal'd;
Superior viands, grateful fumes, exhal'd;

But,

But, ah! conceal'd somnific opium lay!
Each smil'd on each; and sunk from pain and day!
Such was their meed, when he from Acre fled;
Each, by his poison, gain'd a sandy bed!
—Another troop of injur'd French appears,
They pour their cause of vengeance in his ears;
Thy flat-roof'd piles, Rosetta! echo'd shrieks,
When strangling tortures blacken'd sickness' cheeks!
"Horrible deeds were done," fell scourge of man!
Thy bow-string finish'd what the plague began!
—Yet more his frame is cramp'd!—how dire his state!
The lingering Furies wait the voice of Fate!
—These shades, alternate, chount the lays of hell;
Ah! dreadful! hear the infernal chorus swell!—

Rack the simulating fiend;
Him, who ne'er to pity lean'd.
Give him his foretaste of woe;
What the wicked feel below.
Haunting terrors rack his mind;
Rack the curse of human-kind!
Rack the curse of human-kind!

High on Demons' wings upborne;
Wrapt in gloom, he reigns forlorn.
Stranger to each gentler throe;
Ruthless cause of blood and woe.
E'er till the dawn, be this our lay;
Till the avenger's dagger play;
Till this troubler of the world
Down the yawning gulf be hurl'd!
Down the yawning gulf be hurl'd!

—Now, from his couch the chieftain starts aghast;
Dim burn the tapers—but, dread night is past!
Another dawn, the tortur'd tyrant spies;
And, from a Tyrant's rest, to bustle hies!

CONCLUSION.

From dawn to eve, what crouching hosts he sways!
From eve to dawn, what horror on him preys!
Sullen he fears the praise of actions past;
For deep-ton'd curses load the hollow blast.
Apart from peace and virtue, what is fame?
Woe, while alive; at death, immortal shame!
On his dire path, red gleam the bickering flames;
Mid smoaking walls, wild shriek the injur'd dames.

Helvetia's

Helvetia's wrongs, the hoary Alps resound;
Her torch of freedom moulders on the ground.
Yet Liberty shall come, in happier days;
And blow her twinkling torch into a blaze!
Slow-footed Retribution shall arrive!
And, from the earth, this bane of nature drive.

THE CONGRESS; OR, A CONFERENCE OF NATIONS.

By Mr. C. Dibdin.

SUPPOSE ev'ry Empire and State
In Congress were met, and should start,
As the theme of review and debate,
The projects of fam'd Bonaparte;
John Bull as the *speaker* assign'd,
Yet instead of the Speaker 'twere odd
If Bony in coming don't find
John Bull *Usher of the Black Rod.*

Says Sweden, "my Charles was a mad one,
But Bonaparte's madder than he;"
Says Naples, "the Consul's a bad one;"
Says Holland, "he kom to *make free*;"
Says John Bull, "why Dutchman it's thus,
Of freedom he makes a great puff;
And it's known both to you and the Swiss
That Bony can *make free enough.*"

Says Italy, "of him I'm sick;"
Says Portugal, "right he perverts;"
"Yet by him, says Spain, I must stick;"
Says the German, "he sticks in my skirts;"
Cries the Turk, "how in Egypt he'd brag,
His insolence I could scarce brook it,
There he bore an *Invincible Flag*;"—
"Yes, I know, says John Bull, for *I took it.*"

Says America, "he's a slave driver;"
Says Russia, "he'll soon drive us all,
If we don't find some able contriver
To quiet this Gorgon of Gaul;"
Says Prussia, "at all of us dashing
What he wants it's quite easy to see;"
"Yes, says John Bull, he wants a good thrashing,
And d——n him he'll get it from me."

THE COUNTRY IN ARMS.

By Mr. C. Dibdin.

IF the Frenchmen a landing should win,
In each *County* they'd find we're not slugs;
Then with the Land's *End* to begin,
In *Cornwall* they'd get *Cornish hugs*;
In *Devon* they'd dread *Plymouth* fort,
Find boxers in *Somersetshire*,
And in *Dorset* they'd meet pretty sport,
From the lads who drink Dorchester beer.

Herts and *Wiltshire* would teach 'em to fight,
In *Bucks* as sure game they'd be taken,
In *Barkshire* they'd find we could bite,
And in *Hampshire* they'd not save their *bacon*:
In *Middlesex* would they be popping,
Or *Sussex*, their ground they'd not keep;
In *Kent*, they'd soon send them a *hopping*,
In *Bedfordshire* send them to *sleep*.

In *Essex* their calveskins we'll curry,
In *Huntingdon* chase the freebooters,
And if they come sporting to *Surry*,
They'll find Surry rangers sharp shooters;
Glo'ster, *Wo'ster*, and *Monmouthshire*, thro'
Or *Oxford* they'll never find passes;
And a conflict they'll pretty well rue
With the *Warwickshire* lads and the lasses.

They'll by *Hereford cyder get sour'd*,
In *Northampton* and *Rutland* lose battle,
In *Suffolk* they'll surely get scow'r'd,
And in *Lincolnshire* all be prize cattle;
In *Leicestershire* sheep with the tetters,
In *Staffordshire* ware that soon breaks,
In *Derbyshire* subjects for fetters,
In *Shropshire* mere Shrewsbury cakes.

Norfolk dumplings their taste wouldn't please,
And they'll prove, in despite of their splutter,
In *Cheshire* mere mites in a cheese,
While in *Cambridge* we'll churn 'em like butter;
There's *Yorkshire* and counties about,
Too far *North* for Frenchmen to win,
And the counties whose names I've left *out*,
I'll be d——d if the French will get *in*.

A VOLUNTEER SONG.

OF love or of wine it were treason to sing,
When like locusts, the robbers of France are on wing:
Our green island to ravage, in myriads they throng;
Then swell the full chorus, brave friends, of my song:
O'er the wave let them come,
They but rush on their doom;
To our shores should they fly, they shall never fly home.

Hark! your sires from their tombs in deep accents implore,
That you'd crush the fierce foe, as they crush'd him before;
That you'd gild with fresh glories fair History's page,
And grace with new *Cressys* and *Blenheims* your age.
O'er the wave, &c.

Their *Edwards* and *Henrys* were lions in fight,
But we have our *Nelson* and *Acre's* dread knight.
It's broom* let the house of *Plantagenet* boast,
Our Navy's the broom to sweep clean yon foul coast.
O'er the wave, &c.

Then away to the field! 'tis your country invites
Remember your homes and your fireside delights!
Yet, if France but one spot in that country should crave,
Indulge her; and, oh! let that spot be her grave.
O'er the wave let them come,
They but rush on their doom,
To our shores should they fly, they shall never fly home.

ABERCROMBIE, NELSON AND SMITH.

TUNE—"*I sing the British Seaman's praise.*"

THE Three I sing, on *Egypt's* strand
Who fill'd their age with wonder:
When War's loud tempest shakes the land,
The Muse like *Mars* should thunder.
For One, with triumph's deathless bough
The cypress-leaf is blended;
But Two survive with laurell'd brow,
By *Albion's* prayers attended.

* The broom *(planta genista)* for some cause or other, about which Antiquarians are far from agreeing, gave a surname to the Earls of *Anjou*; and thence to the Kings of *England*, from *Henry* II. to *Richard* III. inclusively.

Still Coeur-de-Lion forms his line,
The boast of *English* story:
Still Nelson's fatal lightnings shine,
And mark the path to glory.
O'er distant seas, in Freedom's cause,
Their gallant flags are flying:
At home her sabre *Albion* draws,
The host of death defying.

And *Egypt* still her loss deplores,
The sun-like Scot regretting;
Seen in full orb upon her shores—
Ah! seen but at his setting!
There, for a moment's passing space,
He pour'd empyreal splendour;
And sunk, in honour's brightest blaze,
The eastern world's defender.

Him *Turkey's* turban'd millions weep,
The 'minish'd crescent wailing;
And mourn with groans, "not loud but deep,"
Their pride of empire failing.
—But hence with tears! for Two remain,
To hush the storm's commotion:
Then sing—"May long their white star* reign
Refulgent o'er the ocean."

WAR SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE

LOYAL SOUTHWARK VOLUNTEERS.

BY AN OFFICER OF THE CORPS.

HARK! the threats of Invaders resound thro' the air,
See! a vengeful and menacing foe—
Already the Warriors for conquest prepare,
Our Riches, our Beauty, already they share,
Our Cities and Commerce lay low:—

But conquest and plunder by Britons withstood,
Shall sink with the boasters in waves;
Or the soil which our Forefathers nurtured in blood
Shall drink from our veins the rich vital flood,
Ere Britons submit to be slaves.

——* Quorum simul *alba* nautis
Stella refulsit, &c.
(Hor. Od. I. xii.)

No! it never shall be—that they dare to defile
The fanes of the God we adore;
He for ages has guarded our much belov'd Isle,
Has bid it with Freedom and Plenty to smile,
And rever'd be his name on our shore.
For conquest and plunder, &c.

No! it never shall be—to a man will we rise,
Round the King whom we love and admire;
See the phalanx we form, all danger despise,
And with hand lifted high, we make oath to the skies,
To succeed in this cause, or expire.
For conquest and plunder, &c.

No! it never shall be—that the Fair, our delight,
Shall dishonour'd go down to the grave;
All the Charities mingle, and urge to the fight,
In such cause e'en the darkness of death appears bright,
And sacred's the dust of the brave.
For conquest and plunder, &c.

View the noble assemblage!—a Nation in Arms!
Should legions escape us at sea,
We'll rush on the foe, in thick danger find charms,
United—exulting in War's deep alarms,
Determin'd to die or be free.

Then Britons, arise! 'tis our Country demands
That we guard the lov'd Isle of the Waves!
'Tis the soil which our Forefathers nurtur'd with blood,
And each vein in our bosoms shall pour its rich flood,
Ere Britons submit to be slaves.

THE NORFOLK HEROES.

WHILE Britain beholds all her Heroes advance,
To oppose in firm phalanx the *Tyrant of France*,
Like her own chalky cliffs, sees her patriot Band
Look defiance around, and encircle her land.
Ye gay Sons of Norfolk, still proud of the name,
That gives to your Country the Standard of Fame,
Again rear its Banners, while this be your toast,
"The MONARCH we love, and the FREEDOM we boast."

With his new-fangled Systems, why let Monsieur come,
JOHN BULL can still show him his system at home;
His old-fashion'd system; to twine round his brow
The Laurel of Conquest, and humble the foe;
To find his arm fearless when nerv'd in the cause
Of his Country, his KING, his Religion and Laws;
While exulting he joins in the favourite Toast,
" The MONARCH we love, and the FREEDOM we boast."

Should they bring to Old England their *poisonous Tree*,
Our soil, like our Sons still indignant and free,
To her oaks and her children shall point with a smile,
And bid them acknowledge the plant of her Isle:
Her own British Bulwark, that bows not its form,
But spreads its roots deepest when loudest the storm;
While beneath its broad branches her Sons give this Toast,
" The MONARCH we love, and the FREEDOM we boast."

When they talk of *Equality*, here let them see,
When Freedom is pure, what it is to be free?
Let them see the rough peasant, who eats his brown bread
And at night sits him down, still the king of his shed:
Round his woodbine-trac'd window, and cottage of clay,
The bright beam of Justice sheds sweetly its ray,
And gilds his dark brow, while he joins in this Toast,
" The MONARCH we love, and the FREEDOM we boast."

He remembers the tales which his fathers have told,
Nor forgets the proud deeds of his grandsires of old:
If exulting o'er Agincourt's trophies he smile,
Or bear his quick glance to the banks of the NILE,
The brave Sons of Norfolk exult in their claim
To the Banners of Conquest transmitted by fame;
With their bosoms high beating, all join in this Toast,
" The MONARCH we love, and the FREEDOM we boast."

Then again rear your Standards, your Pennants display:
Around their bright tents what warm wishes will play!
The soft sigh of Beauty—the hope that's most dear,
The Infant's lisp'd charm, and the Matron's chaste tear;
All, all will be yours—they shall form in the field,
Round each British breast, an invincible shield:
And Beauty though absent, give grace to this Toast,
" The MONARCH we love, and the FREEDOM we boast."

BRITONS,

BRITONS, TO ARMS!

BRITONS, to Arms! to Arms, your Country calls!
Loud, and more loud the blast of war resounds,
Blown by the bloody lips of furious Gauls!
Greedy of plunder, and the battle's wounds,

CHORUS.

Haste then, ye Brave! Britannia's sons advance!
'Tis Britain's Genius leads you to the field;
Dare the fierce menace of insatiate France,
The laws your armour! and your God your shield!

See where, in prowling herds, the savage bands,
From camp to camp, wide throng the hostile shore!
Each ruffian pledg'd to plunge his reeking hands
Yet deeper in devoted England's gore!
Haste then, ye brave, &c.

French Liberty, their nation's Demon, flies
Thro' the tumultuous ranks, and frantic calls,
"Strike! strike my sons! and England's spirit dies,
Strike deep! and England's Constitution falls!
Haste then, ye brave, &c.

Wave wide my banners o'er your proud domain,
Midst shrieks of terror and expiring groans!
Let Slaughter! Violation! swell your train,
Deaf to the orphan's cries and widow's moans.
Haste then, ye brave, &c.

Long have my poisons search'd her Lion's heart,
His native strength the pestilence defies,
Let your sure daggers aid the secret art,
Strike deep, my sons! and England's Lion dies!"
Haste then, ye brave, &c.

Hence Fiend accurst! thou bane of human good!
Tempt not the vengeance thou deserv'st so well;
For Albion's sword shall drink thy desp'rate blood,
And drive thee headlong to thy parent hell.
Haste then, ye brave, &c.

—Patriot Defenders of your Country's weal,
Soldiers! prepare—prepare, old Ocean's Sons!
Blast the Usurper with your light'ning steel,
Astound him with the thunder of your guns.
Haste then, ye brave, &c.

'Tis

'Tis not for Glory's meed that England strives,
'Tis not for Gain her ensigns are unfurl'd;
'Tis for our Altars—Parents—Children—Wives—
Our Fortunes—and the safety of the World.
Haste then, ye brave, &c.

What heart so cold to Honour's sacred flame,
What hand so weak in valour's gen'rous cause,
That would not rouse to guard their Country's fame,
Revenge her insults and protect her laws?
Haste then, ye brave, &c.

Should then invading hordes pollute our soil,
Vindictive rush your Country's rights to save,
Bid the big ruin on themselves recoil,
And let their teeming legions glut the grave.
Haste then, ye brave, &c.

Britons be firm! united! undismay'd!
Quick to fair Freedom's loyal standard fly,
Your King! and Constitution! claims your aid;
—For England nobly live! or nobly die.

Haste then, ye Brave! Britannia's sons advance!
'Tis Britain's Genius leads you to the field,
Dare the fierce menace of insatiate France,
The Laws your armour! and your God your shield!

Globe.

THE ENGLISH COOKS;

OR,

BRITANNIA THE QUEEN OF THE SEA!

YOU'LL find, if in Fame's latter page you'll be looking,
Of brave English Cooks a most glorious view;
There's not such a Nation in Europe for cooking
The French carbonade, fricassee and ragout,
Let's begin with the first, for I wish to get on straight,
Brave Howe who so nobly to dress 'em did learn;
For June, Ninety-four, will quite easy demonstrate
The Gallic Mounseers, fait, were *done to a turn.*
Arrah! wack ful lal lara, lal lara,
Wack ful lal lara, lal la;
Great Britain will never attempt at promotion,
Contented alone to be "Queen of the Sea."

The

The Spaniards came forwards, och! they must be boasting,
This victory was but to them a mere puff;
St. Vincent cried, burn me! I'll give 'em *a roasting*,
'Twas truth that he said, they were soon *done enough*.
Brave Duncan cried out, zounds! if I can molest 'em
Woe be to their masts, and their rigging, and flags:
The Dutch came to tempt him, och! he *over-dress'd 'em*;
He did them so much, they were *done all to rags*.
Arrah! whack, &c.

They have lately cast sheep's-eyes from Calais to Dover,
But the sea an't a pond very easily crost;
And by Warren *done up*, and by Nelson *done over*,
The whole of their fleets are sunk, taken, or lost.
Now as for their boats, there's no doubt of their striking,
While Britons such capital Cooks still possess;
The French can ne'er fail to be *dress'd to our liking*,
For the cause we defend must ensure us success.
Then sing wack fal lal lara, lal lura,
Whack fal lal lura la,
Great Britain will never attempt at promotion,
Contented alone to be "Queen of the Sea."

THE LITTLE ISLAND SHALL BE FREE.

A SONG.

BRITONS, arouse!—The vaunting foe
Now dares to brave our rage again;
But soon in thunder he shall know
The Little Island rules the main:
While other nations bend the neck
Beneath the proud Usurper's yoke.
His mad ambition let us check,
And prove we are true hearts of oak.

From age to age
Th' historic page
Records our empire on the sea;
While round our shores
Old Ocean roars,
"The Little Island shall be Free."

Our wives, our children, and our laws,
Protection claim from ev'ry hand;
And Freedom is the glorious cause—
Freedom! the Charter of our Land.

Great

Great in ourselves, we may defy
The pow'r of mad-brain'd, haughty Gaul;
Though nations leagu'd with him should try
To work the Little Island's fall.
From age to age, &c.

What Briton would, e'en life to save,
Unarm'd in such a cause remain,
And meanly crawl the coward slave!
Gall'd by the conqu'ring Tyrant's chain?
Not one—Our boast shall ever be,
When danger's near we scorn to fly;
While Britons live they must be free,
Or sword in hand with glory die.
From age to age, &c.

A. Z.

THE SONS OF SCOTIA.

SUNG BY A COMPANY OF VOLUNTEERS IN MORVEN.

TUNE—"*Highland March.*"

We sons of Old Scotia, with hearts true as steel,
Enraptur'd, our Ancestors' spirit we feel;
Rising equal to danger, thus boldly we dare
Bid the Corsican Tyrant of us to beware,
For tho' Gallia submits to his haughty decree,
Yet Old Caledonia shall always be free!
For tho' Gallia, &c.

Fingal, with his Heroes, set boundries to Rome,
And their gallant Successors were ne'er overcome;
The Danes and fierce Saxons, with broad-swords and shields;
Were conquer'd in thousands, and died on our fields;
And when Europe submissive, obey'd their decree,
Caledonia was valiant, unconquer'd and free.
And when Europe, &c.

Now united with England, our int'rests are join'd,
And from Caithness to Cornwall our strength is combin'd,
All equally Britons, all equally brave,
All detesting the Tyrant that dares to enslave:
Thus runs our new Charter, by Heav'n's decree,
Brittannia shall conquer, and Britons be free.
Thus runs our new Charter, &c.

But

But hark! British Thunders indignantly roar,
From the white Cliffs of Dover to Barra's bleak shore!
'Tis our brethren in arms, see them boldly advance,
All eagerly panting for vengeance on France;
To confirm, single handed, the mighty decree,
That Britannia shall conquer, and always be free.
To confirm, &c.

Like the comet's bright blaze thro' the dark colour'd sky,
See the Spirit of Wallace and Bruce from on high;
They bend o'er the fields of their fame with a smile,
And say, "Sons, guard your freedom, defend your blest Isle
And true to yourselves, bold and firm as we are,
Britannia shall conquer, and Britons be free."
And true to your selves, &c.

Caledonians, dear Comrades, on Mersey's green banks!
Be the foremost in danger, the first in the ranks;
Let the fame of your valour thro' Morven resound,
That the Harp of Old Ossian may joy in the sound:
Defend our fam'd Island, the Queen of the Sea,
Let Britannia still triumph, and always be free.
Defend our fam'd Island, &c.

THE HISTORY OF HUMBUG.

IN ages long past, when Humbug was a trade,
You have heard of a thing which they called Gasconade!
'Twas a neat way of saying just what was not true,
And threatening grand things which we never could do.

The word it was French, and it suited the nation,
Who have always been prone to—enlargification:
Drawcansir came next, in his science well skill'd,
Who killed all he saw, and then eat all he kill'd.

But these Braggarts of old, who once fill'd us with wonder,
Must hide their small heads and be glad to knock under;
The true Braggadocia has now got the start—
And they call this grand hero—Don Puff, Bonaparte.

With a heart made of stone, and with feelings of lead,
In statue four feet, and with eyes sunk in his head;
All feather and sash, this immense Cockitoo,
How he struts and how threatens "what things he will do."

He swears his French nation will soon be a-float,
That he'll beat our whole Fleet with his little cock-boat;
While the winds and the waves must all bow to his nod,
And with reverence look up to this little French god.

Our sailors subdued, his Flotilla comes over,
And the Consular Guard take their breakfasts at Dover
While Don Puff in his seven-leagued boots ere 'tis sun-down,
Rides forward and takes his head-quarters in London.

There seated—he gives us dull English a schooling,
And relieves our poor King from the trouble of ruling,
While his army so gay, as their custom and trade is,
"Pour passer le temps" are amusing the ladies.

To all this fine boasting (with God our reliance)
"The tight little Island" returns its defiance:
And from Johnny Groat's house to Penzance is the pray'r—
Let this Corsican Ruffian but come—if he dare!

INVOCATION.

"*Non vultus instantis Tyranni*
Mente quatit solida."

"*Vis consili expers mole ruet sua!*
Vim temperatam Dii quoque provehent
In majus; iidem odere vires
Omne nefas animo moventes." Hor.

HEARD ye the Fiend of Battle's roar,
Born on the blast from Gallia's shore?
Saw ye the banners wave on high,
Briton, thy legions to defy?
Whence thy proud vaunt, insulting Gaul?
Think'st thou those heroes to appal
With braggard menace, whose dread might
Oft hast thou felt in bloodiest fight?
Hast thou forgotten Acre? Sidney's peerless name
Shall blast thy laurels in the wreath of fame!

Spirits of those, whose deeds of yore
Bade the rash Gaul his taunts deplore!
Ye that at Cressy nobly bled
Tow'ring aloft o'er fields of dead,
What time our Edward's prowess gave
Unnumber'd chieftains to the grave!
Or ye that round our Harry prest,
Whilst Vict'ry, gleaming on his crest,
Scath'd with her eye of fire th' affrighted host,
And bade them flee—for Agincourt was lost!

Spirits arise! again inspire
The Briton's soul with your own fire!
Teach them the falchion's might to wield
As Marlborough erst on Blenheim's field,
Bid them with Egypt's conqueror vie,
Embalm'd in honour's bed to lie!

Rather

Rather in Glory's arms to bleed,
Than not to grasp Fame's brightest meed:
Than not the antient British worth to shew,
And, single-handed, meet th' insulting foe!

God of our fathers! shall we kneel
To him who doth no pity feel;
To him, without a tear or sigh,
Who thousands saw at Jaffa die:
Saw them, unarm'd, by butchers fall,
"Whose shrieks for hopeless mercy call?"
Briton, arise! The God who hears
The widow's groan, the orphan's pray'rs,
Shall with thy native strength his power combine;
The cause of Mercy and of God is thine!

Come then, Apostate, dare advance
Myriads of slaves from abject France;
Thy Prophet here in thee shall feel
The vengeance of the Christian's steel:
Come, but soon thy fate to mourn,
Never, never, to return!
Here on the shore thy loathed course
Shall meet the eye without remorse:
Thy banners rent, no more shall be unfurl'd
And War's foul fiend shall ease the labouring world.

INVOCATION.

——Dulce et decorum est
Pro patria mori.

BY *Abercrombie's* well-earn'd fame,
By *Harry's*, and by *Edward's* name,
By *Agincourt's* ensanguin'd plain,
And by the sons at Cressy slain;
Draw, Britain! draw the vengeful sword.
Let DEATH or VICTR'Y! be the word.
By bleak *Helvetia's* groans and sighs,
And by her ravish'd daughter's cries,
By fair *Italia's* wasted plains,
By *Belgium's* wrongs, and *Belgium's* chains,
With vengeance flashing from the eye,
Like Britons live, or Britons die.

As 'erst when Cæsar led his host,
And proudly fought old *Albion's* coast,
Their patriot breasts thy sons expos'd,
And broke the art of war-train'd foes;
Whilst *Druids* sung in words of fire,
To Death or Victory aspire—

Let Priests blaspheme, and flatt'ry raise
Her servile voice in fulsome praise;
Let Frenchmen watch a Despot's nod,
And cringing kiss a Tyrant's rod;
Cry, Britons! cry with latest breath,
O! give us Liberty or Death!

J. PORTER.

Liverpool Chronicle.

THE CALEDONIAN DEFIANCE.

BRAVE Britons! since we now agree,
In our just cause, sae heartie;
We s'all be chearfu' blyth, an' free,
In spite o' Bonaparte.
That vile, ambitious, wicked wasp,
Wha sometimes has misled us,
Wad Britain hae within his grasp,
And threaten to invade us.

We ken, whariver he has been,
He has spread desolation—
Now his fierce rage is pointed keen
Against our envy'd Nation.
But can he, an' his Blackguard crew,
That we frae Egyp' hunted,
E'er think brave Britons to subdue,
Whase courage ne'er was blunted?

Whan we, sae far frae our ain shores,
French miscreants kept under;
How will they meet us at our doors,
An' face our dreadfu' thunder?

E'en let them come—they'll find us bauld,
Determin'd, strong, an' brawny;
An' they s'all be fu' tightly maul'd,
By Johnny Bull an' Sawny.

For Britain's Sons, frae coast to coast
Hae pledg'd ilk ither fully,
To guard the Rights, o' whilk they boast,
Frae France an' her chief Bully.
An' Gude be thank'd, this is the voice
O' ane an' a' sae heartie;
Therefore, united, we rejoice,
Despisin' Bonaparte.

Whan we at ither Kintras glance,
Now under subjugation;
To that base wratch, an' lawless France,
We maun feel indignation—
But while our blessings we contrast
Wi' tyranny, sae hatefu',
To King an' Kintra we'll cling fast,
An' for just Laws be gratefu'.

Times.

THE BRITISH VOLUNTEERS.

TUNE—"*The British Grenadiers.*"

WHO talks of fear? Let cowards fly,
And skulk in holes and corners;
Such trembling dastards shall not cause
The enemy to scorn us.
Let Bonaparte and his tribe
Upon our shores appear,
And he shall feel what courage nerves
A British Volunteer.

No puny set of frighten'd fools,
No hollow-hearted knaves, sir;
No coward, as he falsely says,
No unresisting slaves, sir:
No traitor, with a lying tongue,
His loyalty declares;
But Liberty inflames the blood
Of British Volunteers.

The wealthy coward, who desires
To save his purse and person,
The base-born peasant, who despairs,
Alike I give a curse on:
And let them lie at home secure,
Nor in our ranks appear;
The wretch deserves to die who comes
With grief to Volunteer.

With hands united, thus we swear,
As Heaven our purpose views, sir,
To die, or extirpate from hence
The invader and his crews, sir.
And O may God assist our arm!
Then who dare talk of fears?
Huzza! for life, for liberty,
We fight, brave Volunteers!

WAR SONG.

By a Member of the College Corps, Dublin.

WARRIORS! see the Invader near—
Warriors! now the standard rear—
Grasp the sabre—point the spear—
Warriors! rise.

By the Hero's hallow'd fame:
By the Coward's deathless shame:
By Ireland's injur'd honour'd name:—

By Borhoime's Shade, whose, dying hand,
On the bloody Clontarf strand,
Swept the wild Dane from the land:—
Warriors! rise.

Onward! to the battle go:
Bid the Atheist Plunderer know
Our breasts with Irish valour glow:—

If, trusting to his faith, we yield,
The die is cast—your doom is seal'd—
Remember Jaffa's murderous field!
Warriors! rise.

By

By all the Hero's heart holds dear—
The Spouse's smile, the Infant's tear,
The voice of God and nature near.

'Tis in no Tyrant's tottering cause,
'Tis for his King, his Home, his laws,
The Freeman's sword the Freeman draws.
Warriors! rise.

When did the Frenchman learn to spare
The kneeling Parent's hoary hair,
Or soften to the Infant's prayer?

Tho' Fate or Fortune waft him o'er,
Teach him, if once he treads our shore,
He treads it—to return no more.
Wariors! rise.

See! yonder see his banners wave!
Father! Brothers! Sons! be brave—
Give him no ground, but for his grave.

What, tho' his countless hosts pour on—
What tho' on earth we stand alone,
To shield the Temple and the Throne—
Warriors! rise.

By the Captive's galling chain,
By the polluted, plundered fane—
The ruin'd cot—the soaking plain—

On! Warriors!—to the battle go,
Squadrons sweeping on the foe,
Strike the exterminating blow.
Warriors! rise.

Rushing thro' the heaps of slain,
Re-dye with many a gory stain
The laurels of the Egyptian plain.

Now! the hour of trial's nigh—
Swell the battle—chorus high
Death! glorious Death or Liberty!
Warriors! rise.

Brace the helm, the standard rear,
Grasp the sabre, point the spear—
United! what have we to fear?
Warriors! be brave.

FRATER.

OLD ENGLAND IS OUR LEADING STAR.

Tune—"*The Topsail shiver in the wind.*

WAVE England's antique banner high,
Resplendent in the air—
Let all the hallow'd sign descry,
And share the Soldier's fare.
For though at home, or bound afar,
OLD ENGLAND is our leading Star.

No common cause demands our aid,
To guard from ruffians' hand,
Our King,—our Laws,—our Wives,—our babes—
Our Fathers' happy land.
And though at home, or bound afar,
OLD ENGLAND is our leading Star.

Th' endearing thought, now danger's nigh,
Adds vigour to the soul,
To conquer—or to nobly die—
And scorns all base control.
For though at home, or bound afar,
OLD ENGLAND is our leading Star.

Ah! look on yonder blood-stain'd shores;
There view th' Usurper's pow'r—
Where poison, murder, rapine stalks,
Where social life's no more!
Then, while we view those scenes afar,
Blest ENGLAND be our leading Star!

Ah, hapless Nations; had ye rous'd
In time your hardy Swains,
The Tyrant ne'er had bondage chain'd
Upon your peaceful plains!
While, then, we view such scenes afar,
Blest ENGLAND be our leading Star!

Then, Britons, rise!—and to your cliffs;
Be there your Flag unfurl'd—
Go!—hurl th' Invaders down the deep,
And save a falling world.
For though at home, or bound afar,
OLD ENGLAND is our leading Star.
British Neptune.

WARD

WARD ASSOCIATIONS.

Written by a Member of the South-East District of Loyal London Volunteers.

THO' weak my strain, away my fears,
I see no cause of fearing;
All songs should be from Volunteers,
In praise of volunteering:
Unskill'd my lay, sincere my verse,
The theme with pow'r inspires us;
And while our duties we rehearse,
With loyal ardour fires us.
Then ev'ry hand and heart combine,
We need not fear invasion;
While high in Loyalty shall shine,
Each Ward Association.

While martial ardour fills each breast,
Remember still your duty;
We are not boys, in tinsel drest,
To lure the eye of beauty;
Tho' young in arms, in brave array,
We well know how to place them;
Our heroes oft have led the way,
And we will ne'er disgrace them.
Then every hand, &c.

Felicity to keep in view,
Mankind should live as brothers;
Let us that harmony pursue,
We wish to teach to others.
Let conscience yield the wish'd applause,
No strife our peace suspending;
But steadfast in one glorious cause,
Unite, our Rights defending.
Then ev'ry hand, &c.

Our Neighbours long have been misled,
For FREEDOM vainly toiling;
'Tis *here* she proudly rears her head
On her lov'd Children smiling;
Let us deserve her cheering smile,
With sacred awe respect her;
Still may s' e bless our favor'd Isle,
We can and will protect her.
Then ev'ry hand, &c.

What tho' the Gallic Leader boast,
And threaten to invade us,
Our cause is in itself a host,
And Frenchmen ne'er dismay'd us.
In Hist'ry's page we oft are found,
In France e'en to defeat them;
United then, on British ground,
We sure must doubly beat them.
Then ev'ry hand, &c.

Long may our Officers possess
Life, liberty, and wealth too;
Urg'd by that love we all profess,
Our King, let's drink a health to:
The Toast push round with lively zeal,
With "Enmity to Faction!"
And what our loyal bosoms feel,
Let's shew, in loyal action;
Then ev'ry hand, &c.

A YORKSHIRE SONG.

TUNE—"*Hosier's Ghost.*"

HARK! the din of embarkation
Blusters from yon hostile shore:
We, with "note of preparation,"
Echo back the thundering roar.
England, still to fear a stranger,
Dares the tyrant to advance;
Single-handed copes with danger,
And defies the hosts of *France*.

To the beach her sons descending,
Rush to meet the murderous foe:
From their spheres of lustre bending,
Sainted warriors bless each blow.
Fierce the strife, but quickly ended,
When the patriot girds his thigh;
And, by *English* hearts attended,
Swears—to triumph, or to die.

Solemn oaths, brave YORKSHIRE bind thee,
Pledged in heaven's recording sight:
O then, let thy country find thee
Foremost in the van of fight!
With the blood of *France* all gory,
Haply on thy front a scar;
Think, what then shall be thy glory,
Borne in conquest's crimson car.

Then

Then thy children, clustering round thee,
Shall with rapture clasp their sire:
England then shall boast, she found thee
Burning with thine ancient fire.
Thence in peace each joy possessing,
Thou shalt draw her endless gaze;
Thine shall be her dearest blessing—
Beauty's love, and Valour's praise.

THE SPIRIT OF ALBION.

I SEE, as in the days of old,
Albion's heroic spirit rise;
I see him vigorous and bold:
"To arms! my gallant sons!" he cries.
"Defy the rav'ning power of France;
Her threat'ning and her guile defy:
Bold let your steady ranks advance,
And on your righteous cause rely.

With you no nation can compare,
For freedom and for upright laws;
Ye know your rights, and, knowing, dare
Be valiant in an upright cause.
Ye will, with ready heart and hand,
Immediate to your shores descend;
Ye will your rights and native land,
Your roofs and families defend.

From every hill and dale around,
My Britons, heirs of endless fame!
I hear your martial clangour sound,
I hear, with joy, your loud acclaim.
My military youth behold!
Whom no assailant shall dismay;
How firm, how resolute and bold!
How graceful in their bright array?

How graceful is the gallant youth
Whose heart with martial ardour glows!
The champion of a nation's truth!
Th' avenger of our wrongs and woes!
On him our expectations wait,
His dear, dear country's hope and stay;
A pillar in our peerless state,
In glory's crown a brilliant ray.

Now, while the martial clangour sounds,
And wide the waving banners fly,
How eagerly his bosom bounds!
What lightning flashes in his eye!
Awake, ye minstrels, wake the lyre,
Full let the mighty descant flow,
For him who breathes heroic fire,
And hurls defiance at the foe.

A gentler breath pervades the sky,
And soft that beam of orient day!
Was it a maiden's tender sigh?
Her melting blue eye's dewy ray?
Cease gentle maiden, cease to mourn;
Let no alarm your bosom move;
Soon will the valiant youth return,
Victorious, to your faithful love.

"Go forth, my gallant sons, and save
Your country from a cruel foe:
The rage of bloody conflict brave,
And lay the proud oppressor low.
Despise his menace, scorn his wiles,
And lay him spurning in the dust!
For Heaven on your endeavour smiles;
To Heaven for timely succour trust."

TYRTÆUS BRITANNICUS.

THE BRITISH SAILOR,

BY THE LATE DR. CROSSFIELD.

LIQUID mountains roll,
Shake from your heads the hoary spray;
Ye cannot daunt the Seaman's soul,
Though danger spreads the pathless way.

Vivid lightnings flash,
Blow tempests, bellow thunders dire,
The Seaman braves the dreadful crash,
Though billows to the clouds aspire.

Rise, pointed rocks, arise,
Assaulted by the foaming surge;
Sailors your flinty sides despise,
When friendship, love, and honour urge.

Roar, thundering cannons, roar,
Death-dealing bullets whistle round;
Let cowards wish themselves on shore,
A British Sailor loves the sound.

THE PLOUGHMAN'S DITTY;

Being an Answer to the Question, What have the Poor to Lose?

To the Tune of—*He that has the best Wife.*

BECAUSE I'm but poor,
And slender's my store.
That I've nothing to lose is the cry, Sir;
Let who will declare it,
I vow I can't bear it,
I give all such praters the lie, Sir.

Tho' my house is but small,
Yet to have none at all,
Wou'd sure be a greater distress, Sir;
Shall my garden so sweet,
And my orchard so neat,
Be the prize of a foreign oppressor?

On Saturday night
'Tis still my delight,
With my wages to run home the faster;
But if Frenchmen rule here,
I may look far and near,
But I never shall find a pay-master.

I've a dear little wife,
Whom I love as my life;
To lose her I shou'd not much like, Sir;
And 'twou'd make me run wild
To see my sweet child
With its head on the point of a pike, Sir.

I've my Church too to save,
And will go to my grave
In defence of a Church that's the best, Sir;
I've a King too, God bless him,
Let no man oppress him,
For none as he ever opprest, Sir.

British laws for my guard,
My cottage is barr'd,
'Tis safe in the light or the dark, Sir;
If the 'Squire shou'd oppress,
I get instant redress,
My orchard's as safe as his park, Sir.

My cot is my throne,
What I have is my own,
And what is my own I will keep, Sir;
Should BONEY come now,
'Tis true I may plough,
But I'm sure that I never shall reap, Sir.

Now do but reflect
What I have to protect,
Then doubt if to fight I shall choose, Sir;
King, Church, Babes, and Wife,
Laws, Liberty, Life,
Now tell me I've nothing to lose, Sir.

Then I'll beat my ploughshare
To a sword or a spear,
And rush on these desperate men, Sir;
Like a lion I'll fight,
That my spear, now so bright,
May soon turn to a ploughshare again, Sir.

Traveller.

TO BONAPARTE.

Sure Nappy you've a cruel heart,
And most unfeeling soul,
For not content to *bone a part*,
You mean to *bone* the *whole*:
But build not Castles in the air,
Nor let vain hopes deceive,
For Daddy John has set a snare,
Where none can take—*French leave!*

THE END.

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